The Outlook

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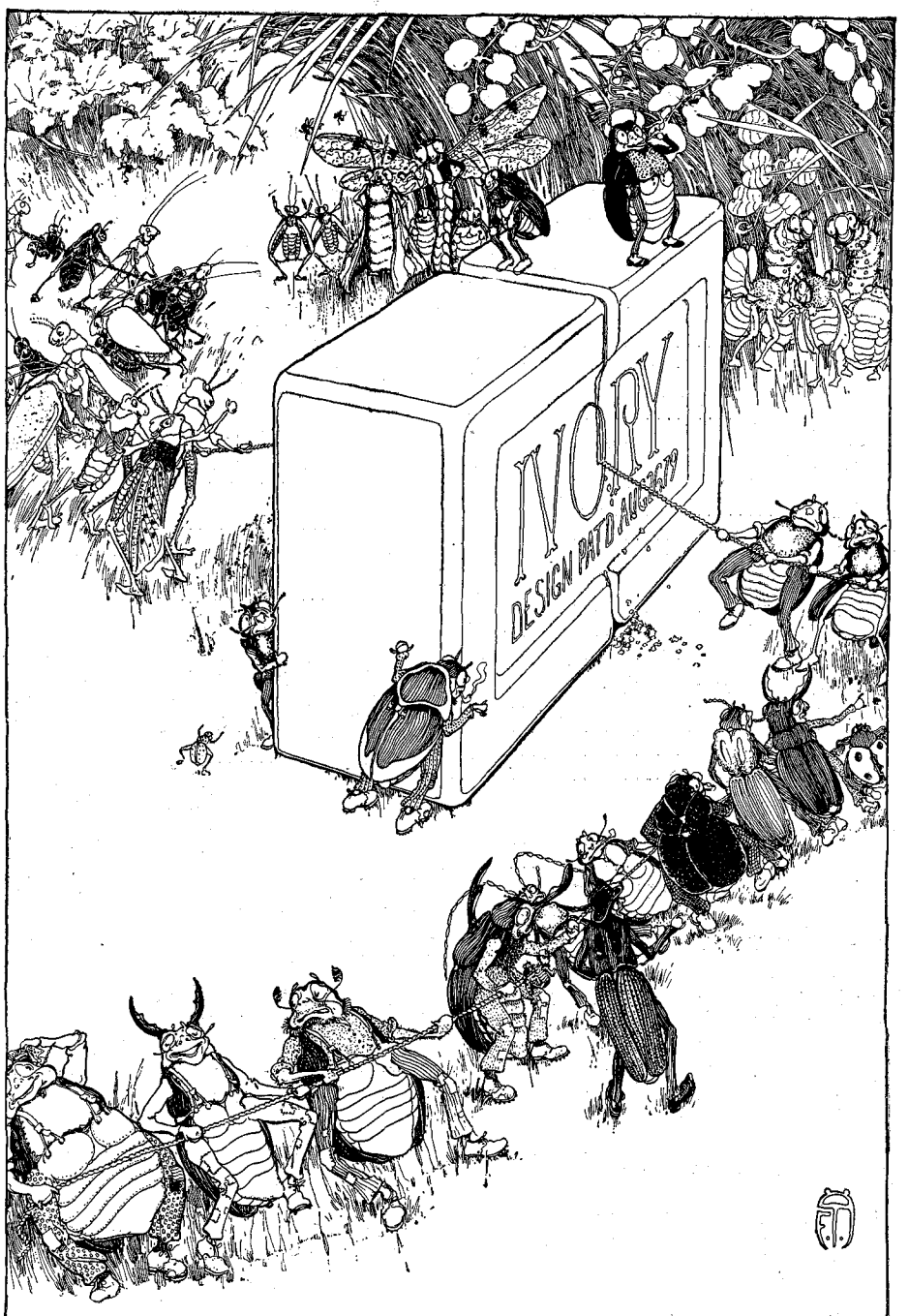

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The Outlook

SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1904

The Issue in Wisconsin

The split in the Republican party in Wisconsin is of more than local and popular interest. If the difference between the two factions were simply as to which of them should control the organization and hold the offices, we should give to the controversy scant attention. But it is clear from the platforms of the two conventions, as well as from Governor La Follette's address, that these two factions represent antagonistic political principles. The La Follette Republicans demand the direct primary, the *ad valorem* taxation of the railroads, an inheritance tax, a constitutional amendment allowing the enactment of a graduated income tax, the abolition of all railroad passes to public officials, power to be conferred upon the State Railroad Commission "to fix and enforce reasonable transportation charges, so far as the same may be subject to State control," similar power to be conferred by Congress on the Inter-State Commerce Commission "to control transportation charges, and to reduce the same where excessive to a reasonable basis," and it insists that the Republican party by its party platforms has pledged itself to these reforms, and is therefore bound in honor to carry them out. The party of "Stalwarts," in its platform, either by express statement, by necessary implication, or by significant silence, indicates that it is opposed to the La Follette Republicans on every one of these points. Upon them all The Outlook is in hearty sympathy with the La Follette Republicans, with the possible exception of the graduated income tax, the practical difficulties of the honest enforcement of which were shown during our Civil War to be so great that we doubt the possibility of overcoming them. As we read the political history of Wisconsin, an overwhelming majority of the people are in sympathy with the platform of the La Follette Republicans. They appear to us to be, in the main, those of what we may call Roosevelt Republicanism. The opposition to them, whether in Wisconsin or elsewhere, comes largely from a wealthy, influential, and conservative minority, and especially from favored corporations.

❀

Struggles for Democratic Control

Recent State Conventions have not added enough to the strength of any one of the candidates to give him a decided lead at St. Louis. Judge Parker and Mr. Hearst continue to have each a considerable following of instructed delegates, but it will still be possible to organize the Convention entirely outside the combined strength of both. To show what is meant, it is only necessary to refer to a group of recent State Conventions held within a period of two days. These were in Ohio, Alabama, Tennessee, and Maryland. Ohio, with forty-six votes in the National Convention, rejected Mr. Hearst as the candidate, repudiated Mayor Tom L. Johnson, of Cleveland, as a leader, and instructed the delegation to vote as a unit, according to the wishes of a majority. This does not mean Judge Parker any more than it means Mr. Hearst; it might mean Gorman, or Cleveland, or Gray, or McClellan. Tennessee, on the other hand, instructed its twenty-four delegates to vote for Parker, and was the first Southern State to do so. The same day Alabama passed the unit rule, and resolutions which highly complimented Judge Parker, but left the delegates free to vote for whom they chose. Alabama has twenty-two delegates and is first on the roll-call, so that there will be a great struggle to get these delegates for or against Judge Parker. Maryland, with sixteen delegates, elected a delegation

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the personnel of which was arranged by Senator Gorman, and he will be the chairman of the delegation. No instructions were given, and the delegates will vote as the Maryland leader indicates. Here, then, out of one hundred and eight delegates, chosen in the short space of two days, less than one-fourth are under instructions. It is noticed that the main point in nearly all the State platforms is an attack upon President Roosevelt. He will evidently be taken by the opposition as the issue, so far as they can control the issue, and it is this very thing which has led to the general recognition by other Republican leaders of the right of the President himself to have his way, without hindrance, in selecting his managers and indicating men who should be prominent in his nomination. Democratic States declare, without exception, in favor of a revision of the tariff, but some of the conventions of both parties bring the two forces very nearly to the same ground on the matter of duties. For instance, the Democrats of California said that it would be folly to talk of divorcing protection from the tariff, but they wanted the duties lowered, and denounced the fostering of trusts by the tariff; while the Wisconsin Republicans took almost the very same ground, except that they went farther and warmly advocated reciprocity treaties.

❀

The Coal Companies on Trial

It is distinctly gratifying to see the presidents of the great coal companies driven out from their assumption that coal-mining is a private business, with which the public have no concern, and compelled by the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States to give the public information respecting the way in which that business is carried on. That their testimony should produce an impression that they are evading the issue is not so gratifying. The issue is: Has there been a combination between the coal companies, which are nominally competing, for the purpose of fixing a price for coal? It is conceded that circulars are issued by the coal companies stating the price, that these circulars are identical in the prices which they fix, and that the presidents of the coal companies confer from time to time respecting these prices. But it is denied that this identity of price is the result of any agreement between those who have fixed the price. The New York "Tribune" pertinently quotes, apropos of this testimony, Lincoln's famous answer to the denial of Douglas that there was any pro-slavery conspiracy. Said Lincoln:

> When people saw Stephen and Franklin and Roger and James each working independently, as they proclaimed, turning out mortised timbers which fitted perfectly together to complete the framework of a house, with not a stick wanting and not a stick superfluous, it was natural to conclude that Stephen and Franklin and Roger and James were operating according to a common plan.

We doubt, however, very much whether it would be possible, in this or any other kindred case, to prove a legal contract of which the courts can take cognizance. The result of the investigation is evidently conducting public opinion to the conclusion that where there is a practical monopoly in any necessity of life, the vendor must not be left to fix the price, as the presidents of the coal companies claim the right to do. Says Mr. Baer, the President of the Reading road, "Like any other good merchant, the coal companies charge all that the traffic will bear." Says Mr. Thomas, the President of the Lehigh Valley Coal Company, "As long as people are willing to pay the price, we would be poor merchants not to exact it." The Outlook emphatically denies the proposition that coal is like dry-goods, and that the owners of the coal mines have a right to charge for the coal whatever they can get. The contents of the earth are private property, not by any natural right, but purely owing to artificial arrangements made by the community; and if under those artificial arrangements the community is made to suffer, the same power that made them will find a way to unmake them. If this is Socialism, then conservative opinion in America is rapidly becoming Socialistic. The Boston "Evening Transcript" is a conservative journal, and it is the Boston

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"Evening Transcript" which says, very truthfully:

The coal producer who believes that a combination can be maintained indefinitely for the purpose of raising prices on the public, regardless of what is fair reward for capital, and regardless of the necessities of the American people, is very likely to find out his mistake in a short time.

❀

Despotism Warned

The Executive Board of the Western Federation of Miners has issued an appeal to the people which, in the extravagance of its rhetoric, the irrationality of its claims, and the unrestrained passion which animates it, will seem to many readers to constitute a partial explanation of the extreme measures which Governor Peabody, of Colorado, has taken in that State. We quote from his appeal two paragraphs, which are sufficient to give our readers a sample of the whole document:

The time for proclaiming peace when there can be no peace has passed away, and the hour for heroic and determined action has come, that must drag despotism from its arrogant throne and strangle to death the Judas treason that laughs in derision at the constitutional rights of citizens garbed in the livery of labor.

And again:

We will now recommend to the twelfth annual convention which meets in the city of Denver on May 23 . . . that such steps should be taken as will nerve the arm and fire the brain of the great labor army of America to rise as a unit and demand that the monster of despotism shall not live upon the soil of a free republic; . . . and we shall appeal to the honest citizenship of the Nation to bring to an end the political career of the military Napoleon, the official lion hunter of Oyster Bay.

One may smile at this rhetoric, which is quite worthy of a Bombastes Furioso, but the thoughtful reader cannot forget that the violence of an undisciplined temper, which here shows itself only in words, has shown itself in tragic deeds of violence in Colorado. Whether the Governor of the State has passed beyond the legitimate bounds of his authority we will not undertake to say, though, if the newspaper reports are to be trusted, his action has apparently been unprecedented in the history of any American State. But this is a question to be determined for the State and the Nation, not by the Western Federation of Miners, but by the courts of the State. That the "official lion hunter of Oyster Bay" had no constitutional right to interfere is perfectly clear. The President may interfere with the administration of law in a State in three cases: when the State authorities ask for his interference in order to preserve order; when the Federal courts, the Federal process, or the Federal law is interfered with; and when the State itself is in revolt against the Federal government. Neither of these conditions has existed in Colorado, and if the Colorado miners think themselves illegally and unjustly treated, they must appeal to the people of their own State. If the twelfth annual Convention of the Federation of Miners wishes to produce any impression on the Nation, it had better retire these fire-eaters and appoint in their place some men of a calmer temper, who can state in unimpassioned English the facts which constitute their grievance.

❀

The Freight-Handlers' Strike

If the newspaper accounts of the strike of the freight-handlers in New York City are to be trusted, the strikers will not have and do not deserve the sympathy of the public. The immediate occasion of the strike was the refusal of the New York and New Haven Railroad Company to discharge a foreman who was obnoxious to the freight-handlers' union because he was a non-union man; whether there were other reasons is not clear. The President of the National organization had made a contract with the railroad, by which the organization bound itself not to permit a strike without giving thirty days' notice. When, after the local strike, the President came from Chicago to represent the union, the railroad official somewhat curtly refused to enter into any negotiations with him. This may have been impolitic, but it was certainly natural. There is not much use in making contracts with either an individual or an organization if it breaks its contract whenever it chooses. A general sympathetic strike

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was then threatened, but whether officially by the union or unofficially by individuals whose threats were reported in large type by the papers, we are by no means clear. At all events, no such general strike has taken place. The firemen and oilers on the freight boats of the New Haven Railroad struck, partly perhaps in sympathy with the freight-handlers, but more, apparently, because they thought it a good opportunity to enforce attention to their own grievance, which was that they had to work from fourteen to eighteen hours a day, and were furnished with poor food. Concerning the justice of these complaints The Outlook has no means of furnishing its readers trustworthy information; but if the facts are as stated, they constitute an indefensible outrage which ought to have been rectified without waiting even for a complaint. A threatened strike of the teamsters was averted through the intervention of the Civic Federation; an agreement was made, as the result of the negotiations, settling a disputed question as to wages and hours, and providing against Sunday labor and against sympathetic strikes. As we go to press it is reported that the President of the Freight-Handlers' Union is now proposing arbitration. The wise man proposes arbitration before joining battle; if he waits till afterward, the proposal is naturally regarded as a confession of defeat. The police arrangements appear to have been admirable, although there have been some instances of violence. The whole strike appears to have been, so far as we can judge from the reports before us, worse than a blunder, for three reasons: (1) because it was in violation of an agreement not to strike without giving previous notice; (2) because it demanded the expulsion of a foreman without presenting any complaint against him other than that he was a non-union man; (3) because the strike preceded the formulation of a complaint and a proposition to arbitrate. We hope that before this issue reaches our readers the strike will be over; we wish we could be sure that the freight-handlers and their representatives had learned the lesson which it should teach.

Patent Medicines and the Post-Office

The Post-Office Department, by undertaking to shut out from the use of the mails the manufacturers and exploiters of nostrums incapable of performing the cures they claim to work and pretending to be what they are not, has attacked a species of fraud very extensive in the United States. The credulity of hundreds of thousands of Americans regarding panaceas, quack doctors, and grotesque systems of healing is a source of revenue to other Americans, unscrupulous but quick-witted. Last week in New York City a male professional nurse, assuming the air of a physician, succeeded in getting into the confidence of a business man, persuaded him to go to bed, bound him up with bandages, and then, as his victim lay there helpless, robbed his house. When arrested, this sham physician laughed at the gullibility of the people who had trusted him because they thought that by submitting to his inspection and treatment they could get cured cheaply. The same credulity is leading people to Dr. So-and-So's specific and Dr. What's His-Name's bitters, because the firms that make these concoctions promise cures. The difference is that in the case of the sham physician the victim soon discovered that he was robbed; in the case of the patent medicines the victims "feel good" and recommend the fraud to their friends. The great percentage of alcohol in remedies purporting to be free from it is one species of fraud. The Outlook gave a list containing the names of such remedies in reviewing the two volumes on "The Physiological Aspects of the Liquor Problem" (September 26, 1903). Other remedies are offered with the claim to cure diseases that by no possibility can be cured by them. To shut the proprietors of and dealers in such medicines from the use of the mails under a fraud order is likely to be a serious blow to their business. The post-office authorities plan to exclude from the mails all newspapers and periodicals containing advertisements of such nostrums. As the sales of a patent medicine fluctuate largely with the amount of advertising it receives, the authorities of

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the Post-Office Department will thus be doing what they did in dealing with lotteries; will strike, that is, at the source of life.——James N. Tyner, formerly Postmaster-General, and his nephew, H. J. Barrett, were acquitted last week of charges brought against them as a consequence of the Post-Office investigation. General Tyner was Assistant Attorney-General for the Post-Office Department, and his nephew was a law clerk in the Department. It should be borne in mind that this acquittal has no necessary bearing on the action of the Administration toward these men. A man may not be proved a criminal, and yet his conduct may have been such as to unfit him for holding an official position under the Government. A great deal of sympathy has been expressed for General Tyner, who is an old man, broken in health, and has been in the service of the Government for over forty years.

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Legislative Irresponsibility in Massachusetts

The Young Men's Christian Association of Boston succeeded in getting a bill through the Massachusetts Legislature releasing it from the requirements of a law which makes certain building restrictions on Boylston Street, where the Association Building stands. Of course this bill was not in the interest of the public, but simply to the advantage of a particular institution; and, like all such bills giving special privileges to certain classes without any compensating advantage to the community, it was a pernicious measure. Governor Bates has vetoed the bill, and the Legislature sustained the veto by a vote of 22 to 158. The Boston "Transcript," in commenting on this action, says this is the tenth veto of the Governor, and that the Governor has been "sustained every time by a tremendous majority, in several cases only one or two members of the General Court maintaining their original position when given an opportunity to consider." The Massachusetts Legislature seems this year to have placed itself alongside of the New York Legislature in irresponsible action. A Legislature which passes matters which it obviously either expects the Executive to disapprove or considers so inadequately as to reverse its own opinion on the expression of the Executive's disapproval is either too cowardly to assume the responsibility which belongs to it or too indolent to give its own duties sufficient thought. The existence of weak Legislatures is due to the inattention which voters give to the election of competent men for legislative positions. The cure lies in every voter's taking greater interest in the men who are presented as candidates for the Legislature.

❀

English Politics

An attempt was recently made to put Mr. Balfour "in a hole," as the phrase goes, by the same kind of question which is said to have been put by a lawyer to a witness who declared that he was prepared to answer any question with a "yes" or "no." "Very well," said the lawyer; "have you stopped beating your wife?" A motion was made, skillfully devised, to commit Mr. Balfour on the matter of Mr. Chamberlain's financial policy. Mr. Balfour saw the snare set for him, and, with characteristic tact and skill, took the ground that the question of fiscal reform was not before the present House and was not to be brought before it, and so avoided giving the House a chance to vote the Ministry out of office. A charge of cowardice has been brought against the Government for not meeting squarely in the House of Commons the direct issue of protection or free trade; but Mr. Balfour holds with Mr. Chamberlain that the question is before the country and not before the House of Commons, and the Government is not willing to have it considered in the House until the country has been consulted and the House knows the mind of the country. The "Spectator" interprets the situation as indicating that Mr. Balfour is in thorough sympathy with Mr. Chamberlain, and at the proper time will announce his position; that he does not do so at the moment because if he did the Government would be upset and dissolution follow at a time when neither Mr. Balfour nor Mr. Chamberlain is ready for dissolution. It seems to be the general opinion that

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Mr. Chamberlain for the present will hold the skirmish line and that Mr. Balfour will march in his rear; that the latter will take no position in any way hostile to Mr. Chamberlain's policy; that he will not affiliate with those members supporting the Government who are opposed to Mr. Chamberlain, nor will he stand in the way of an attempt to rid the Unionist party of free-traders; that the fiscal question will not be brought before the present Parliament, but that an appeal will ultimately be made to the country, and that when the time comes Mr. Balfour and the great majority of those who follow him will accept Mr. Chamberlain's leadership on fiscal matters, while a small band, including perhaps thirty or forty Unionists, with Mr. Winston Churchill, Mr. Ritchie, and Lord Hugh Cecil, will join the Liberals or form a little group by themselves. Both Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Balfour are taking the situation very coolly. So long as they refuse to submit to be drawn into any trap which will bring the fiscal question before the House of Commons, they are not likely to suffer defeat. They mean to choose their own time to make the fight. The present Government, if appearances are to be trusted, may last another year.

❀

The Capture of Kinchow

Japan's notable advance movement last week was the capture of Kinchow, after hard fighting on land and an artillery duel between three Japanese war-ships in Kinchow Bay and a Russian gunboat in Talienwan Bay—the first named on the west, the latter on the eastern side of the isthmus which joins the great Liaotung peninsula with the small Kwantung (Regent's Sword) peninsula on which Port Arthur stands. Kinchow is on the railroad about thirty miles north from the promontory where Port Arthur's sea fortifications are placed. To reduce it to possession was obviously the first step in any attack on Port Arthur; the occupation of the partly destroyed town of Dalny is probably the second. After Kinchow was occupied, General Oku, by a fierce night attack and after desperate fighting, drove the Russians from their strongly fortified position on Nanshan Hill. So far the Japanese have again followed their course in the war with China as regards the occupation of Kinchow and the movement on Port Arthur from that point; in the former war only fifteen days elapsed between the capture of Kinchow and the storming of Port Arthur, which to-day, however, is far more formidable. Tokyo advices at the end of the week asserted that Admiral Togo had established a complete blockade around the southern end of the Liaotung peninsula, that his forces envelop Port Arthur, and that this probably marks the opening of the final investment of the fortress.

❀

Floating Mines and Neutral Rights

An animated discussion has been called out among experts in international law as to the propriety of placing explosive mines in the open sea. It is alleged that the Japanese battleship Hatsuse was destroyed by such a mine ten miles out at sea. One newspaper correspondent has asserted that floating mines have been seen within three miles of the Chinese port Weihaiwei, over eighty miles from Port Arthur, and others declare that these terribly destructive modern war inventions now exist in large numbers all through the open sea in the neighborhood of Port Arthur. For instance, the correspondent of the London "Express" asserts that there are now some four hundred mines floating in and near the Gulf of Pechili. Naturally, neutral nations engaged in commerce regard such a state of affairs as unendurable. At first Russia, if rightly reflected by her press, seemed inclined to insist upon her right to lay mines where she chose, on the ground that placing mines at sea was not forbidden by the Geneva Convention, and that because of the immensely long range of the guns of modern war-ships it is necessary to attack them, if at all, at a distance from the port they are bombarding. As the chorus of remonstrance rose higher, however, the tenor of despatches from St. Petersburg changed, and it was declared that Russia had placed no mine in the place reported,

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that the mine must have been one that drifted from the position in which it was originally placed, and that it might as easily have been a Japanese mine as one of those laid by the Russians. There is no doubt that mines of the so-called chain type may quite easily become detached and drift into the open sea. The general opinion held by English and American authorities was expressed by Admiral Horsey, of the British navy, who declared that the "laying of mines in the open sea beyond territorial waters [that is, beyond the three miles' limit recognized by international law] is not only inhuman but a breach of international law and practice." A mine in such position, Admiral Horsey points out, might well be fatal to any neutral ship of war or innocent merchant ship, although of indisputable right such ships are entitled to navigate those waters. Admiral Horsey well asks: "Is it conceivable that if England were at war, we would be justified in endangering the ships of all neutral nations navigating the English Channel by placing destructive mines in that highway beyond our territorial waters?" This opinion seems sound from the point of view of common sense as well as from that of the fundamental principles of international law.

❀

Russia's Enemies at Home and in China

Evidence is accumulating that it is not alone the Japanese that Russia has to fear. The internal condition of several Russian provinces is disturbed, while the Chinese in Manchuria are threatening to attack the Russian forces. As to the state of affairs in Poland and Finland correspondents of English papers give accounts, very likely exaggerated, but still of an alarming character to supporters of Russian autocracy. One may doubt, for instance, the assertion of the London "Standard's" correspondent that six hundred persons have lately been hanged in Warsaw alone by administrative order and without civil trial; but it is certain that Finnish and Polish regiments all but refused to go to the war and had to be entrained under guard, and that a very strong force of regular troops is being retained in European Russia to preserve order while the "reservists" are being sent to the front—a reversal of ordinary military procedure. The Odessa correspondent of the London "Daily Mail" says that Russia is profoundly moved; that disquieting reports arrive daily, now from Poland, now from Finland, and now from the Caucasus; and that catastrophes on sea and land in the Far East are producing a remarkable state of tension in the nation. The reports of Chinese hatred of Russia and disposition to attack if Japan gains further advantages come from Liaoyang, which is a Russian headquarters. Great bands of Chinese bandits are offering their services to General Ma and organizing for military instruction. Ma is not an Imperial but a Provincial commander, and the Chinese Government may encourage or disown him at will. Many Russians believe that Ma means to lead a revolution in favor of the Ming dynasty and against the present Mongol rulers, if he can have Japanese countenance; the Russian sympathizers are to be found among the supporters of the present dynasty, while the common people largely hate the Russians and allege against them many acts of cruelty and tyranny. If the Japanese force the Russians to retreat from Liaoyang, there is real danger that a Chinese army may be formed in Manchuria to fight Russia.

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The Pope's Protest

The text of the note addressed by the Vatican to the Catholic Powers by way of protest against President Loubet's visit to Rome has been published, and does not vary substantially from the interpretation presented by The Outlook last week. The note, signed by Cardinal Merry del Val, Papal Secretary of State, declares that the coming to Rome of M. Loubet to pay an official visit to Victor Emmanuel III. was an event of such importance that the Holy See could not allow it to pass without calling the attention of the heads of Catholic States to it, on the ground that it is incumbent on the chiefs of Cath-

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olic States to show greater regard to the Pope than the sovereigns of non-Catholic States, in so far as his dignity, independence, and inalienable rights are concerned. That duty was more incumbent on the ruler of the French Republic, who "presides over a nation united by the closest traditional relations with the Roman Pontificate, and enjoys, in virtue of a bilateral compact with the Holy See, signal privileges, a large representation in the Sacred College of Cardinals, and consequently in the government of the universal Church, and also exercises by signal favor protection over Roman Catholic interests in the East." The visit of the President of the French Republic to the King of Italy, "who, in defiance of all rights, usurped the Civil Sovereignty and restricted the necessary liberty and independence of the Holy See," was a grave offense against the Sovereign Pontiff. Then follows the clause which gave such offense to the French Government: "And if, in spite of this, the Papal Nuncio remained in Paris, this was due solely to grave motives of an especial order." This clause was omitted from the copy sent to the French Foreign Office, but appears in the note sent to the Catholic Powers, and is interpreted by the French Government as being in substance a threat which was both superfluous and offensive. There seems to be great unanimity of opinion in Europe that this action on the part of the Papal Court was a diplomatic blunder of the first magnitude; and it is commonly said that if Cardinal Rampolla had been in charge of the diplomacy of the Vatican such a blunder could not have been made.

❀

Marriage and Divorce

In the Presbyterian General Assembly the recommendation of the Special Committee on Marriage and Divorce, in accord with that of the recent interdenominational conference, that Presbyterian ministers be advised to refuse the marriage ceremony to any person to whom it is refused by the Church he or she belongs to, was opposed by such men as President Patton and Professor Minton, and was defeated by a majority of eighteen votes. The objection to it was that it committed the Assembly to the extreme ground of those who allow no divorce, and thus modify the rule given by Christ. This objection was met on a later day by a substitute for the defeated proposal, which allows the exercise of discretion in cases where a rigid rule would work unjustly. This reads as follows, and was carried by a two-thirds vote:

> Recognizing the comity which should exist between the churches represented in the Inter-Church Conference, acknowledging as they do the law of Christ alone as supreme, we advise each minister under the authority of this Assembly to refuse to unite in marriage any member of any Church where marriage is known to such minister to be prohibited by the laws of the Church in which such person holds membership, unless such minister believes that in the peculiar circumstances of a given case his refusal would do injustice to an innocent person who has been divorced for Scriptural reasons.

In referring to the differences on this subject between the civil law and the Church, it was announced that a committee of eminent lawyers was preparing a report that would in due time be given to the public. The question of marriage and divorce has also been discussed among Baptists and Methodists. At Cleveland the former resolved in favor of a uniform divorce law based on Scriptural teaching, and for the strict adherence of all ministers and churches to that teaching. At Washington the Methodist Protestants likewise indorsed the movement for uniform laws on marriage and divorce. The Methodist Conference at Los Angeles declared adultery the only valid ground for divorce.

❀

A Presbyterian Plan of Union

The Assembly of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church at Dallas, Texas, having spent two days and a night in discussing the plan of union with the Northern Presbyterian Church, adopted it by a vote of a little over two-thirds in its favor. There are signs of an irreconcilable sentiment in the minority that may show activity in future. The Cumberland Church is rather less than one-fourth as numerous as the Presbyterian. It dates from

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1810, when a division occurred between the "revival" and the "anti-revival" Presbyterians in Tennessee, and it was organized in the interest of a simple evangelicalism. Its chief ground of dissent from the older branch of the Church has been as regards the doctrine of predestination, which was modified by the revision of 1903. In the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church (North) at Buffalo the question of union with the Cumberland Presbyterian Church reopened the division between conservatives and progressives, supposed to have been closed last year, in the matter of creed revision. The proposed plan of union explicitly adopts the Confession of Faith of the Presbyterian Church as revised in 1903, and declares that such agreement now exists between the systems of doctrine in the Confessions of the two churches as to warrant their union. Strong dissent from this was expressed by President Patton. He viewed it as an attempt to revise the Westminster Confession in a roundabout way. The Cumberland Confession, he held, was Arminian. It gave away the doctrine of election. Were the union consummated on the plan proposed, he could never more say that the Presbyterian Church was essentially Calvinistic. Dr. W. H. Roberts, on the other hand, declared for the union proposed. He called himself a high Calvinist, but held that other types of Calvinism were admissible in the Presbyterian Church. Dr. Coyle deprecated division on theological subtleties. Dr. Minton was for union, but not on the proposed basis. Difficulties of an administrative sort were urged, among them that the Cumberland Church had women elders. The color line was also in the way. The Cumberland Church has separate presbyteries and synods for negroes, and the Northern Presbyterians have thus far refused to draw the line; colored commissioners sit in its Assemblies. On this point a strong feeling existed, but the announcement that the Cumberland Assembly had accepted the union by a two-thirds vote was received with great applause, and when the vote was reached on the question the result was practically unanimous in favor of union.

The Baptist National Anniversaries

The Baptist National Anniversaries were held in Cleveland, Ohio, May 16–24. The attendance was large, and the National Societies made very encouraging reports. The Women's Baptist Home Mission Society reported a successful year, with total receipts of $92,053, and 2,617 auxiliary organizations. The past year was the most prosperous in its twenty-seven years of history. Over the sessions of the American Baptist Missionary Union the Hon. Henry Kirke Porter, M.C., presided. Mr. Porter spoke of the good offices of the United States Government, through the efforts of the Secretary of State, Mr. Hay, in helping to secure the neutrality of China, so far, in the Russian-Japanese war. The Foreign Secretary, Dr. Thomas S. Barbour, presented the annual report of the Executive Committee. Dr. Barbour said:

> It was a proud moment to the Mayors of the cities in which our missions are situated when they could announce that Japan and her territorial waters were out of the zone of the war. Patiently, quietly, persistently, the soldiers of the Emperor have pushed their way into the enemy's country. One of the fundamental doctrines of Confucianism is loyalty to their ruler; his name can calm a mob and raise armies. The forces of Japan will never be routed in the war. They may be annihilated, but never dismayed, for they have no fear of death. With a Japanese victory a new hope will come to the Eastern world and all Asia. The day of indifference to European control has reached its end. Another page is opened in history. The outcome may be an Asiatic confederacy, which will be either a great power for good or for evil.

It was reported that even in Japan the war has not interfered with the work of the missionaries. "The mission vessels have been not only exempted from Government claims to use, but have been relicensed for their work; this indicates the favorable attitude of the Japanese Government towards mission work." The reports showed that the total income last year of the Missionary Union was $779,594, which is $56,826 more than was raised last year. The deficit has been reduced, until it is only about $7,000. One of the greatest advance steps for many years was taken by the

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unanimous passing of a resolution to raise $500,000 for the endowment of schools and colleges in the Orient. A special committee of seven was appointed to raise this money within the next five years. More emphasis will be placed upon the importance of each foreign missionary training a corps of native preachers and evangelists. One of the most interesting addresses was delivered by a Presbyterian, Dr. Charles Cuthbert Hall, of New York. Dr. Hall's topic was "The Church and the Christianization of the World," and he gave an able résumé of his visit to India and Japan during his Haskell Lectureship. Dr. Hall said: "A change of missionary policy will have to come if we are to bind the East and the West. We must recognize the essential unity and brotherhood of man, and also an Oriental type of Christianity which will give to us richness of interpretation in return for our gifts to it." There were about one hundred home and foreign missionaries present, and addresses were made by many. The Society asks for forty-two more missionaries this year. Twenty young men about to start for the foreign field were introduced by Dr. Henry C. Mabie, the Home Secretary. On May 19 there was a general meeting of all the societies, and an important address was delivered by the President, Dr. Augustus H. Strong, of Rochester, New York, on the topic "The Denominational Outlook." It was a calm and comprehensive survey of the Baptist denomination. Dr. Strong stated that now there are in the United States 4,506,747 Baptists, and that they have invested more money in educational institutions and in endowments than any other denomination in this country. He also spoke of the great progress in the work and results of foreign missions. But he lamented the fact that, with most other denominations, there had not been as rapid progress within the past thirty years as before that time. Dr. Strong made a plea for a progressive theology, but added that the Baptists must contend for the great essentials of evangelical doctrines. It was a sane, well-balanced, and liberal address. The progressives were especially gratified. The sessions of the American Baptist Publication Society showed one of the best years in its history. The total receipts for the past year were $934,923, or an increase of $25,941 over the previous year. The anniversaries closed with the sessions of the American Baptist Home Mission Society, which reported total receipts for the past year of $935,395, which is an increase of $75,152 over last year. St. Louis and Portland, Oregon, want the meetings next year.

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The Inaugural of the President of Hartford Seminary

On Wednesday of last week the Rev. William Douglas MacKenzie was formally inaugurated as President of Hartford Theological Seminary. Representatives from a number of the oldest theological seminaries in the country brought their greetings, to which was added a greeting from abroad presented by Professor Marcus Dods, of New College, Edinburgh, Scotland. Dr. MacKenzie's inaugural address was devoted to a consideration of the possibility of a constructive theology. The choice of a philosophical subject was natural, as Dr. MacKenzie has been Professor of Systematic Theology in Chicago Theological Seminary. That he recognized, however, the practical bearing of this philosophical subject was evident from his expressed conviction that hope for the constructive theology must depend upon deep and great life existent in the whole body of Christians. Dr. MacKenzie is a man of broad and liberal inclination, and he comes to a Seminary which, especially in the last few years, has been embodying broad and liberal conceptions of ministerial education. In its process of broadening, the Seminary has laid emphasis on the practical side of the ministry. It showed this distinctively in the attention it has given to instruction in music in its special bearing on the church, and in its instruction in missions, which includes not only preparation for those who intend to be missionaries themselves, but also for students who, though planning to be pastors of churches in this country, none the less need acquaintance with the missionary activities of the church. The same emphasis on the practical was

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shown by the Seminary in allying with it a school of religious pedagogy, thus giving emphasis to the duties laid upon a minister as a religious teacher.

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For Industrial Missions in Foreign Countries

The form of organization for an American society to promote industrial missions in foreign countries has been decided upon. At a recent meeting in New York City the announcement was publicly made that this society, first known as the Industrial Missions Association of America (the establishment of which was reported in The Outlook for January 23), is hereafter to bear the name of the Foreign Missions Industrial Association. The idea which Dr. Booker Washington has applied to the uplifting of the negroes in America this society wishes to apply, by somewhat different methods, to the uplifting of natives in foreign mission fields. The Foreign Missions Industrial Association, therefore, is in no sense a competitor of other missionary organizations. On the contrary, it has met with welcome from men of authority in the mission boards of various denominations, because it is recognized to be a promise of aid to all missionary effort. At the meeting last week Bishop Potter spoke of the need in India, which he knows at first hand, of flexibility in labor. Caste has presented obstacles to the gaining of a livelihood of which Americans know nothing. The Rev. R. A. Hume, D.D., the well-known missionary of the American Board in India, put industrial betterment alongside of medical service and educational efforts as within the province of the missionary, and expressed his hope of seeing this society making new channels for streams of love. The Rev. H. C. Velter, of Lahore, representing the Presbyterians, said he regarded aid extended to natives, especially Christian natives, an essential part of missionary service. Mr. S. L. Boshi, a native of India from Bombay, urged that the work which this Association purposes doing is demanded by the conditions which have been created by Western nations. President Charles Cuthbert Hall, of Union Theological Seminary, Vice-President of the association, also added his testimony from personal experience in India and Japan. Indorsement from such sources is sufficient to show how necessary and how timely this movement is. A fund of twenty thousand dollars is needed. After the Association is firmly established it is hoped to create a corporation, which will pay interest on capital invested in it for the establishment of factories, the encouragement of home industries, the maintenance of depots for the sale of Oriental goods and the like. By means of such a distinct corporation it is expected that the actual industrial features will be self-supporting, just as they are in many industrial schools; nevertheless, like an industrial school, the parent organization which will guide and control the active enterprises needs endowment. Mr. H. W. Fry, co-founder of a similar English association, is general manager of the Foreign Missions Industrial Association, and can be addressed at 105 East Twenty-second Street, New York, by those who wish for further details or wish to contribute. The Association, in accord as it is with the principles of enlightened philanthropic and missionary effort, ought not to be made to wait for adequate support.

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A Versatile Scholar

It is doubtful if this generation of Americans has produced a man of greater versatility and more resources, intellectual and social, than Dr. Charlton T. Lewis, whose death at his home in Morristown, New Jersey, on Thursday of last week came after a very brief illness, and has brought a sense of personal loss, not only to the community in which he lived, but to the many interests with which he was connected. Dr. Lewis was a scholar by instinct. A member of the well-known class of 1853 at Yale, his recreations as an undergraduate might well have been classed with the "recreations of a pundit;" he amused himself by solving the most difficult mathematical problems and detecting errors in text-books of established reputation. Although he has been known for many years as a classical scholar of

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unusual attainments, his ability as an actuary was of a very high order. Leaving college, he studied for the ministry of the Methodist Church, and served in two or three pastorates. In 1856 he became Professor of Mathematics in the State Normal School at Bloomington, Illinois. Two years later he was elected Professor of Greek at Troy University. In 1865 he came to New York City, studied law, and rapidly secured a large practice. Then his health failed and he traveled abroad for a year. On his return he became associated with William Cullen Bryant on the New York "Evening Post," and, after the death of Mr. Bryant, was editor-in-chief of that important journal. In 1871 he resumed his law practice; and at the time of his death held a very important position in his profession. His classical scholarship was shown in editing "Harper's Latin Dictionary" and its abridgments, the "Latin Dictionary for Schools" and "Elementary Latin Dictionary," in his high-class editorial work in revising standard books in Latin and Greek, and in various publications. Not many years ago he was invited by Harvard University to deliver a special course of lectures on Horace. He was greatly interested in the reform movements of his time, and was for years President of the Prison Association of New York, and greatly interested in the work of the State Charities Aid Association of New Jersey, of which he was also President. Personally he was one of the most genial and agreeable of men; full of resources; modest, affable, companionable; a loyal friend and a charming companion.

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Marcus Curtius

School-boys, young and old, to say nothing of archæologists and scholars, will be greatly interested by the announcement that the distinguished archæologist, Signor Boni, under whose direction the Roman Forum is being excavated, has not only laid bare an altar erected to the memory of Marcus Curtius, whose famous leap into the chasm is one of the most picturesque and romantic of Roman legends, but has also discovered the chasm itself. For many years grave suspicions have clustered about Curtius, and perceptibly dimmed the heroic quality of his deed. Like almost all other early semi-historical figures, his existence has been seriously doubted; but, as in many other cases, it is not improbable that an excess of the critical spirit has dissolved into a shadow a real personage, and that there may have been a Marcus Curtius who did some heroic deed for the sake of his country. Signor Boni claims not only to have laid bare the altar with an inscription, but to have discovered a chasm surrounded by twelve large, roughly sculptured stones. The general public, as well as the more exclusive scientific public, will await with interest further and more detailed accounts of this recent excavation; but no boy or man who has ever read the story and declaimed it can be entirely indifferent to this announcement from Rome.

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The New East

Without being able to define the changes which it will bring to the modern world, it is quite evident that the impression prevails throughout Europe that the war between Japan and Russia is almost certain to be epoch-making in its results. A significant change has already come over the discussion of the Far Eastern situation by the English and Continental press. For many decades Europe has thought of the East as a territory to be opened up and exploited by the West. It has been taken for granted that the wish and the power of the East might be left out of account; they were not factors that needed to be dealt with. The only factors in the situation to be considered by statesmen and diplomatists were the feelings and attitude of the Great Powers towards one another in the acquisition either of influence or territory. It has apparently not occurred to the directors of the great forces of Europe for many decades past that India, China, Japan, Persia, Afghanistan, or Burma had any rights which a Western nation was bound to respect. Certain duties almost every Western nation recognized. The English have felt the necessity of giving India and Egypt capable, effective, and honest administration, not because Egypt or India

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had a right to such government, but because the English conscience demanded it. Wherever Russia has gone in the East she has given precisely the kind of government which she thought best adapted for the people. Being herself semi-Oriental, she has been a kind of middle term between the East and the West, mediating in a certain sense between two radically different temperaments, and using either Eastern or Western methods as best suited her purposes; but it is doubtful whether it has ever occurred to any Russian statesman that China, Japan, or Afghanistan had any rights which Russia was bound to respect. Even at this moment, when a new idea in regard to the future condition of things in the East has begun to define itself in the mind of the Western world, newspaper discussion in England and on the Continent still concerns itself with the question of the readjustment of relations between the Great Powers; the prime problem being apparently, not what will the East think or do or be, but how will Russia, Germany, and England stand related to one another in the inevitable changes which are already taking place.

It is too early, and it would be extremely hazardous, to venture any prediction as to the final results of the war; but if, as seems probable, Japan is to emerge from the struggle with greatly added prestige, is to keep Korea from falling into the hands of Russia, and to preserve in consequence the integrity of China, it is quite clear that new forces have entered in the field of world-politics, and that new powers must be reckoned with. Pitt is reported to have said, when the return of Napoleon from Elba was reported to him, "You may roll up the map of Europe;" it is quite certain that the present maps of the East will, in the coming few years, receive very important modifications. The Great Powers will no longer be able to deal with the East as a passive body; they must reckon with it as they reckon with one another. This does not mean that China is to be at once an aggressive power, that India is to expel the English, that Tonquin is to rid itself of the French; but it does mean that the East is fast coming to a consciousness of a certain unity of interest between the different great sections of the Orient and to a dim perception of its power, if that power can be trained and organized. In Japan, the protagonist in the present act of the great drama, the East has found an executive nation; the one people, so far, in the Orient who are able, not only to think, but to act—not only to feel, but to do. Japan is to-day one of the most thoroughly and highly organized countries in the world; it is doubtful whether there is in any other country such unanimity of opinion, such passionate devotion to the ruler, such eagerness to die for the sake of the country. Every particle of power, every kind of resource which Japan contains is at the hand of the Government, ready for use in a struggle which the Japanese believe to be a life-and-death fight for their independence. Out of this war Japan is likely to emerge as a power of at least the second order, sufficiently strong to command respect and to compel considerate dealing on the part of other Powers. That under her leadership China may be reorganized and become a new force in the world is highly probable.

These great changes which men feel are coming, whatever may be the immediate issue of the present conflict, involve serious disturbance to the old order of things, and are resented as if they ought not to be permitted; precisely as the appearance of America as a force in the Far East was resented by the Powers which heretofore had been able to disregard her in dealing with matters in that quarter of the globe. If Japan comes to the front in the Far East, she will do so not only because she has won the right to the position, but also because it will be in the interests of modern civilization to develop an independent life in the East. This may cost the West something in territory and in immediate trade prospects, but that it will inure, in the end, to the benefit not only of the East but of the West, is the firm conviction of those who believe that nations, like men, are not created for the purpose of putting money into other's people's pockets, but of

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developing their own characters, living their own lives, and doing their own work in the world. Western civilization needs the modification which a free and vigorous Eastern civilization would give it. It will be a gain for the modern world when the East, by virtue of its own power, compels the same sort of attention and respect which one great Western country now exacts from another; when it shall cease to be the happy hunting-ground of Europe looking for new opportunities of trade, and become a great, free, productive section of the globe.

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America Out-of-Doors

It is one of the significant signs of the times that men's thoughts turn as definitely to play as they once turned to work, and that the balance between devotion to business and devotion to health, freshness, and largeness of life is much truer than it was at any earlier period in the history of Americans. It is not many decades since our mature ancestors wore black broadcloth; largely avoided sports; did not know, except in a very few cases, the joys of out-of-door life; and devoted themselves with small relaxation to their professions and occupations. It is interesting to note that many of the old colonial houses in the North made no provision by way of large porches or verandas for the enjoyment of the summer months out-of-doors. To-day, as a rule, people spend more time out-of-doors than indoors during the summer. Americans have practically annexed the outside world to their homes, and men who used to live on a little acre now live in the whole landscape. This does not mean that they are working less or are less absorbed in their occupations. On the contrary, they are working harder than ever, and, if possible, they are more absorbed; but they have learned that the best worker is he who also plays, and that the heaviest strain of business can be borne only by those who keep fresh and vigorous by a variety of interests and by change of occupation.

America in the last quarter of a century has gone out-of-doors, and the gain in general health has been great. Americans are to-day a heavier race physically than ever before; the young women are noticeably larger in frame and more vigorous in action; young men in colleges have been swept off their feet by a tidal wave of enthusiasm for athleticism; and there is hardly a well-established school in the United States for boys or girls which has not its gymnasium and its instructor in physical culture. Every community of any size has its golf course and generally its country club, and the busiest men and women take recreation with as much regularity and as much devotion as they go to their places of occupation and follow the duties of their profession. The physical basis of life in America is undoubtedly more substantial than ever before in our history. This development is, of course, not without its excesses; for human development is never wholly symmetrical and regular. We are not living too generally out-of-doors, nor are we giving too much time, as a whole, to out-of-door recreations; but our undergraduates are making their sports too scientific and their games too professional, and many of our older men are impoverishing their spiritual life by giving all their time to out-of-door sports and eliminating the habit of church-going. On the whole, however, the movement from within the house to the out-of-door world has been eminently wholesome.

Our current writing shows the impress of this new movement and the introduction of the new motives into American life which have come with it. Such a story as Mr. Stewart Edward White's "The Forest," which appeared last year in The Outlook, or his new story, "The Mountains," of which the first installment appears in the present number, is a new kind of writing—a combination of narrative interest, of scientific interest, of the feeling for nature as apprehended not only through the eye but through the imagination, and of woodcraft. What makes such writing especially significant is the wide departure it makes from the usual habits of life. It registers the passion of the modern man, not only to change his environment, but to devote himself to new

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occupations, to learn new habits, and to bathe, so to speak, in the fountains of life. In these stories one feels the mystery of the deep woods; the invisible Presence which seems to pervade the primeval forest, luring all who come to it out of their usual moods and away from their customary habits of thought. It is really a new world, appealing to the senses with a wholly fresh order of objects, awakening novel sensations, and filling the eye and the imagination alike with new interests. This is, in itself, the very best kind of recreation; for the value of a vacation—and every bit of recreation, however long or short, is a vacation—lies chiefly in the change of environment which it secures, the interruption of the use of the same faculties in the same way on the same objects, the breaking up of the rhythm of toil and of thought, the liberation of the worker from hours and places and methods which have grown mechanical. Everything that takes a man in a wholesome way out of himself makes for his freedom and health; and every man who can make the conditions ought to be for a few weeks in every year a sailor, a hunter, a fisherman, or a woodsman.

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Letters to a Minister

The Christian Prophet—I.

The Christian minister fulfills a fourfold function and occupies a fourfold office. He is pastor, administrator, priest, and prophet or preacher. As pastor, he is the personal friend, counselor, and adviser of his people in their homes. As administrator, he is the executive head of his church, which should be his force as well as his field, and which should under his direction be doing a larger work than he can do himself. But the most distinctive work of the minister is as prophet and priest. It is a capital mistake if he passes these functions by to devote himself to the social or the executive work of his parish. It is a mistake into which not a few ministers in our time appear to be falling. In this and a succeeding letter I propose to speak of the fundamental qualifications of the minister as prophet and as priest.

The preacher is the minister of the Christian religion; his message the message of Christianity. Christianity is first of all a great historic fact:—the fact that God has entered into the world and filled one human life full of himself, so that he is interpreted to humanity in the terms of a human experience; the fact that the Eternal and the Invisible has become finite, and shown himself in time relations; the fact that his personal character of justice and of love, of mercy and of helpfulness, has been revealed within the narrow horizon of a single human life. It is the great fact of the Incarnation. It is, secondly, the great movement that has grown out of this fact—the development of the human race, beginning at Bethlehem and proceeding through the ages since then; a development which has been confined within the influence which Jesus Christ and his Church have put forth. It is, in the third place, a great spiritual experience that grows out of faith in this fact and out of co-operation in this movement; the spiritual experience of one who perceives the Infinite as manifested in Jesus Christ, who is brought into personal and vital relations with the Infinite through Jesus Christ, and who is working with other men who have a like experience in making the knowledge of Jesus Christ universal, and so bringing about the kingdom of righteousness and peace and joy, which is the kingdom of God in the world.

You are to be a minister of this religion, and this is your message: That God was in Christ reconciling the world to himself, and that the history of Christendom is the history of his attempt to reconcile the world to himself, and of the difficulties that he has encountered and the thwarting influences in the sinful will of man that have obstructed his work, and you are to witness to the fact that he is in the human soul to-day, redeeming, saving, guiding, uplifting, vivifying.

What, then, must be your qualifications for giving this message? First, you must possess this experience, you must believe this fact, you must con-

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secrate yourself to this movement. If this is not your experience, you cannot witness to it. If your faith in this great historic fact, the incarnation of God in Jesus Christ our Lord, is not vital within you, you cannot give it effectively as a message. If you are not consecrated to this work of building up the kingdom of Christ, this work of making the kingdom of this world into the kingdom of our Lord and of his Christ, you cannot give the message that this work is going on in the world in any such way as will promote it.

You cannot interpret the Bible if you have not this experience. You cannot teach geography to a class of children if you do not know what a sea or a plain or a mountain is. So you cannot interpret the declaration, "He forgiveth all our iniquities, he healeth all our diseases, he redeemeth our life from destruction, he crowneth us with loving-kindness and with tender mercies," unless you know what it is to have iniquity forgiven, to have disease healed, to have life redeemed, to have the coronation of God's loving-kindness and tender mercies. Without that knowledge your interpretation is words, and nothing but words.

You cannot speak for the Church unless you have this experience. You are not to be a voice crying in the wilderness; you are one of a great body of men and women who in increasing numbers have been bearing witness to this Living Christ redeeming the world. You are in a great Apostolical succession; the succession of those on whom Christ has breathed, to whom he has imparted his spirit, on whom he has laid his commission. But you cannot witness for them unless you have the experience that identifies you with them. No laying on of hands, no theological education, will suffice to unify you with this great body of Christ unless you share in the experience which makes the Church of Christ one. The message of the Church is, "He pardoneth and absolveth all those who do truly repent." You cannot bear that message effectively unless you know what it is truly to repent and what it is to be absolved. Spiritual experience must be yours if you would understand and interpret the Bible. Spiritual experience must be yours if you would understand and interpret the Church. You cannot impart what you do not possess.

Having this life, what are the qualifications which enable a man to impart it? First, you must have a clearly marked and well defined object in your ministry. Your object must be to give to men this spiritual life; to lead them into fellowship with Christ; to make them a part of this great historic movement for the world's redemption. It is the possession of this clearly defined purpose to produce moral results in your ministry that differentiates you from the mere teacher. You need Biblical criticism, but it is not Biblical criticism you are to give to your congregation; you need theological instruction, but it is not theological instruction you are to give to your congregation. Biblical criticism, theological instruction, are to equip you to promote life. Religion is the life of God in the soul of man; and in your pulpit your object is to impart that life. Physiology is important, but physiology is not food. I came down this morning to breakfast and ate a good breakfast; if I had been served with a cook-book, I should have gone hungry. When we come to church to get joy and faith and hope and love, and we get only what men have said about them, we go away hungry. When we go to a doctor, we want to know that he understands anatomy and physiology and diagnosis and therapeutics, but we do not want him to give us anatomy and physiology and diagnosis and therapeutics. We want him to use his knowledge of anatomy in healing our broken bone, or his knowledge of diagnosis and therapeutics in finding out what is the matter with us and in curing us. Knowledge is power, and the minister's knowledge is an element in his power; but the end of power is service, and your service is to be in the spiritual realm. What you have learned is not to be handed over to the congregation; it is to be used in giving spiritual life.

Nor is it enough to have a general spiritual object in your ministry; each

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sermon must have a definite object. It is not a subject that you first need, it is an object. Why are you going to preach this sermon on this Sunday? I remember when this very simple proposition first came to my mind, I was appalled to find how many sermons I was preaching which did not have any object. Now, I said, I will write down my object before I write my theme or text or a single word, and if I cannot define my object then I will not preach a sermon. I think one of the serious defects of preaching is the fact that the sermons are without definite object. When a lawyer goes before a jury, it is not to give them a general lecture on justice, it is to get from them a verdict of five hundred dollars for his client. When a man goes on the stump, it is not to talk upon the general subject of politics, it is to get a vote for Mr. McKinley or Mr. Bryan. To be an effective preacher you must always count your congregation as a jury, and address them for the purpose of getting a verdict. Some years ago I heard a minister preach a sermon on Methuselah. He explained to us that Methuselah was 969 years of age, and proceeded to tell us how much he would have seen if he had come to the end of his life now, at the close of the nineteenth century. It was an interesting history of the English people from about the time of Alfred the Great, or a little later, down to the present time. But as I did not expect myself to live 969 years, I could not see what that sermon did to help me to be a better man on Monday.

In addition to a definite object, you must have a clear understanding of the men and women before you. You are not only dealing with truth, you are dealing with human souls, and you must be able to enter sympathetically into the hearts of the men and women before you.

For this purpose the kind of imagination that enables you to perceive a life that is different from your own is necessary. This may be laid down as an axiom: You never can persuade another man to your point of view until you appreciate his point of view. You never can get a man to take your position until you have in imagination taken his position. If you have an unbeliever in your congregation, you must sympathetically understand the nature of his unbelief or you never can reach him with your faith. If you have a business man who has no spiritual vision, you cannot impart spiritual vision to him until you sympathetically enter into his conditions of life, and understand what is the struggle of daily life to a business man, what the conflict with competitors, what the dealing with the trades-unions. This is what Paul did: "To the Jews I became a Jew. To the Greeks I became a Greek. I became all things to all men." That is what Christ did when he came to earth and entered, not merely into our physical conditions, but into our spiritual experiences, and was tempted in all points like as we are, that he might become our redeemer. You cannot become the redeemer of any man until you have entered into his experience and comprehended something of his life.

I must leave the rest of this letter to the next issue of The Outlook.

L. A.

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The Prophecy of Love

The beginnings of life are always hidden in mystery; for there is something divine in all births. At the starting-point of life, as at its finish, there are clouds and darkness. Out of the mystery of infinity and eternity we come, and into the mystery of infinity and eternity we go, and there is neither beginning nor end within the range of our vision. When the light first rests on us, we are already shaped and fashioned; the mystery of birth has been accomplished; the mystery of growth remains.

When the slender blade breaks the soil and lifts its fragile stem to the sun, the protecting darkness, which enfolded its escape from the hardness of the seed and the faint stirring of its first instinctive endeavor toward the light, has vanished. For a little time it lives and thrives and ripens in the open, with the free heavens above it and the searching winds cherishing its sweetness or beating its fiber into strength

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and comeliness; and then, yielding up its life in the multiplying of lives like its own, it sinks back into the darkness and the earth receives it again into the mystery from which it emerged. And so the tide of beauty and fertility perpetually ebbs and flows from the unseen to the unseen, and the miracle of life hastening to death and death sowing the seeds of life is wrought under the chill of the wintry stars and the soft splendor of the summer skies.

We, too, have our roots hidden in the soil of life; for us, as for the flower, there is the warm nourishing of the sun and the stern wrestling with the wind, and then comes the silence and the mystery. Like the bird in the legend, we suddenly emerge from the night into the hall where there is the blaze of fire and the glow of lights, and then we vanish again into the refuge of darkness, and nothing remains save a brief memory of delicate or vigorous wings and a song that throbbed for an hour and died into silence. Out of mystery, across a little space of brightness, into mystery: that is the story of earthly life. It is a leaf in a book which we read by the glow of a brief candle; a story of which a single chapter is legible; a journey of which but one stage is accomplished in our sight; a drama without a prologue, and the epilogue of which is spoken on a vaster stage.

As the beauty of the tree, in the strength of its symmetry and the knitting together of its structure, in the reach and delicacy of its foliage, in the sweetness of its brief flowering and the richness of its fruitage, has its source and fountain in the hidden beginnings of its life and is but the unfolding of that which lay unrevealed in the secret place of its birth, so the strong and tender and powerful forces of our nature, the capacities for devotion, sacrifice, heroism, the passion for purity and peace, the divine energy of growth, which give the brief record of life here its unspeakable pathos and splendor, have their roots far back in the divine world out of which we come and to which we go.

No searching, however ardent and tireless, has laid bare the sources of life; no accuracy or delicacy of instrument has done more than carry the light a little further back and uncover a little more of the mystery that becomes ever more mysterious. If by searching God cannot be found, neither by searching can the birth of the soul be uncovered. Because we are His children, born of His will, bearing His image, partakers of His thought, educated in His school to enter into His life, no hand will ever be laid on the place where we were born, and the sacredness of our souls will be protected forever by an impenetrable mystery of light; for there is a privacy of light as well as of darkness, and the glory of the Lord is as baffling to the irreverent eyes that search without love as in the clouds and darkness which surround His throne.

When we come into the light, a thousand prophecies come with us, witnesses of our royal birth and forerunners of our royal fortunes. There, at the first dawning of our mortality, Love suffers and waits. Before we came Love was; we heard its call, though we have no memory of the hour and the place where it found us. But the call of human love was but a faint, far cry compared with the summoning of the love of the Infinite, whose thoughts we are, whose universe is our home, whose fathomless passion for our likeness to Himself willed our being and prepared the way for us by planting the passion of love in human souls, as the consummation of experience and the fulfillment of life, and the perpetual witness of His heart toward men. Against the background of the mystery of His being the worlds are but things of yesterday, and Love is as old as He; for He is Love. Before all worlds this divine energy of the soul, forever seeking its highest good in the good of its mate, its supremest joy in the happiness of its fellow, its perfect growth in the growth of its kin, the fulfillment of itself in the completeness of another, had its birth; and, when the worlds have been resolved back into the elements of which they were formed, it will still be seeking its perfect expression in devotion and service and immortal companionship. Disguised under all manner of obscure garbs, rejected

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and cast out in hours of blindness, compelled to bear company with all uncleanness, touched but never stained by all defilement, Love walks the earth in the image of God and bearing perpetual witness to His unseen presence. As all life comes into visible being at its call, so all life culminates and is fulfilled in its unfolding. All life predicts its coming and all life is the witness of its presence.

❀

The Spectator

When the Spectator reads an article on "How to Live on Six Hundred Dollars a Year," he feels at home. It is surprising how little one can live on when one can't get any more, and how one is, really, not much more discontented than a millionaire. The Spectator, for instance, had nothing but what one hall bedroom would hold when he met and married Mrs. Spectator, and she was no richer. Yet here both are to-day, middle-aged and contented, and fond of talking about their early happiness to encourage young couples on the brink of penniless matrimony.

❀

The first six weeks of married life, the Spectator remembers, were spent most happily at Mrs. Morris's boarding-house. Mr. Morris had been a rich stockbroker who had forged and failed, and Mrs. Morris took boarders amid the faded splendors of the large house. They were genuine splendors, though; the young couple slept in a carved rosewood bedstead worth two thousand dollars, and the rest of the set was to match. The Spectator really hated to leave that furniture, but then he couldn't live up to it, and he had decided upon renting a tiny house, where he and Mrs. Spectator could economize to their heart's content. This chosen residence was far out on Haines Avenue, one of a row of thirty, all alike, two stories of white frame on a red brick foundation. A queer, grumpy Englishman named Ford was living in it, and wanted to sublet it, furniture and all, for six months. It was on Sunday morning that the Spectator did his first house-hunting, and when Ford opened the door, half way, in response to a timid ring, he was still in his *robe de nuit*, and had evidently been sleeping in the parlor. Ford entirely discouraged any inspection of the house, so that the Spectator never got any further than the front hallway, where, with the blind confidence of youth, he took Ford, and the house, and the furniture on trust.

❀

The result was that when the young tenants moved in they found dislocated chairs, ragged, springless sofas, and rickety beds. If it had not been for Evans and his bedroom set, Mr. and Mrs. Spectator would have had to imitate Ford and sleep in the parlor. Evans was a bank clerk, a fellow-lodger at Mrs. Morris's, who had struck up an intimacy with his fellow-boarders. Recently, in one of the vagaries to which all—even bank clerks—are liable, he had bought a set of bedroom furniture at an auction. He had no use for it and no place to store it, and, having recovered from his brief madness in buying it, he loathed it utterly. He therefore begged the Spectator, almost with tears, to use it till he should want it again, and it was accepted gratefully. It was a handsome set, and the only objection to it was that it was three times too large for the Haines Avenue style of room. Luckily, the upstairs front was the largest room in the house, for the architect, not being able, conscientiously, to make a hall bedroom out of the infinitesimal end of the hall, had generously thrown it into the main bedroom as an alcove. Into this alcove, to the young housekeeper's joy, Evans's bedstead exactly fitted. It had to be wheeled in and out when the bed was made, and at night the occupants climbed in over the footboard; but that didn't matter.

❀

The cook was a red-haired Irish blessing named Katy. Mrs. Morris was advertising for a cook that week, and she kindly handed over the rejected applicants to Mrs. Spectator, which saved the expense of the intelligence office. Katy took a fancy to the household on sight, and insisted on taking herself into its service. She turned out a steam-engine

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in petticoats, and good tempered, besides. The Spectator sent her out to the house to clean and make ready, and she tucked herself and all her belongings away on the ground floor contentedly, which was heroic. For there were only the kitchen and what was meant for a basement dining-room on that floor. Mrs. Spectator had gone once into that dining-room on her first visit to the house, and had declared she would never go there again. It was unspeakable; yet Katy bravely chose it as her bedroom and was cheerful over it. It swarmed with beetles, and had a base-burning heater in it, which warmed the rooms above; and in rainy weather, when the clothes would not dry out-of-doors, Katy strung them on lines around the room, set the heater at full blast, and went to bed at night amid lines of wet garments, with the stove burning so redly that one could see the glow through the basement windows. She was a jewel.

❀

The night after moving in, it came on to rain. All hands were tired out. The Spectator had moved furniture all day, and Mrs. Spectator felt she had arranged everything in the wrong place, and was planning a fresh set of combinations for the morrow. The pair had climbed into their alcove, exhausted, and had fallen asleep listening to the musical patter of the rain upon the roof of their little home—their very own roof! Alas! in half an hour the rain, no longer musical but rattling, was coming through that humble roof in streams. The Spectator will never forget his weary tramp around those two rooms that night, as he set every jug, bucket, and can he owned (to the number, finally, of seventeen) under the leaks that opened above him one after another. And when he had crawled over the footboard again, into the warm shelter of the bedclothes, the last one opened just over his pillow!

❀

When the roof came to be mended, it was found that it consisted principally of tar paper fastened down with tacks. All the others in the neighborhood were of the same unsubstantial variety, and nearly every day the "King of the Roofers" came rattling through the street in a loudly painted wagon, with his title emblazoned on its sides, and proclaimed himself in a strident voice. After a storm, his progress was triumphal; from every door the householders came out to welcome him in. His stock in trade was simple—mostly tar paper and tacks; and after tacking strip after strip across the continually opening leaks in our roof, he finally got it into a fairly waterproof condition, from the sheer toughness and thickness of so many layers of material. But he never quite finished the job; for why should he cut off his own business connection?

❀

During the whole six months the Spectator never got his landlords straightened out. Ford, as aforesaid, was not the owner, but the original tenant, renting the house from a large, thick-witted German woman who kept a bakery near by, and subletting to the Spectator. What their agreement had originally been was lost in the labyrinths of the Dutch mind. She came and explained it to Mrs. Spectator at length every week, only Mrs. Spectator couldn't understand her. The one intelligible point was that Ford didn't pay his rent, and she was going to turn the household out to-morrow unless she was paid at once. But it never went any further, and only added to the general opera-bouffe effect of the housekeeping.

❀

There were small rooms and makeshift furniture in that little house; it was full of inconveniences and ridiculous happenings; there were short commons at times, and endless pulling and twisting to make both ends meet. But Mr. and Mrs. Spectator were young enough to find it great fun and to make a kind of perpetual picnic out of it as long as it lasted. And when they finally moved into a larger house, on a better street, and left their struggling days behind them, the Spectator can honestly say that he rather missed the alcove, the tar paper, the base-burner, the landlady, and the general sensation of being at the beginning of things.

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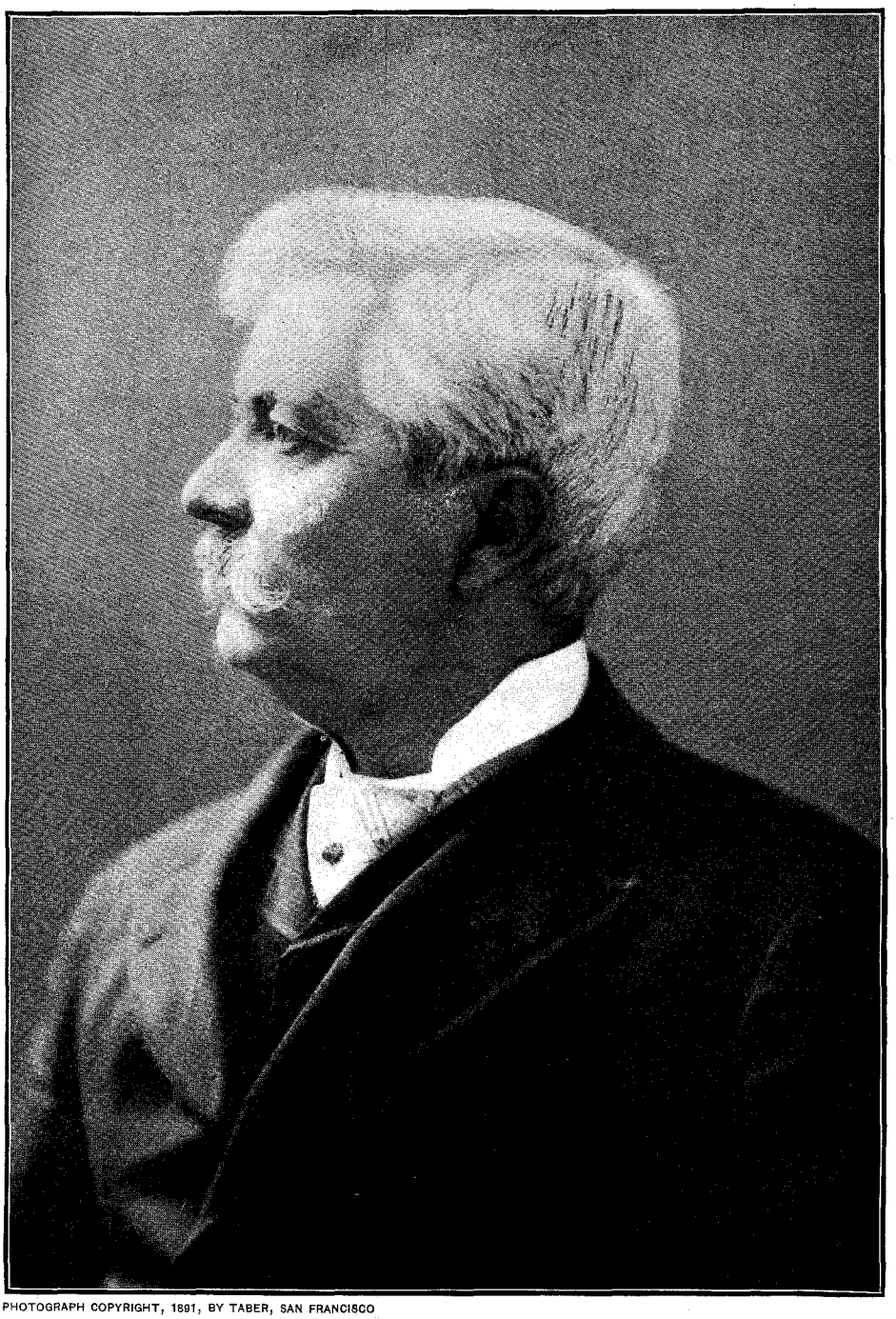

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HENRY MORTON STANLEY

The explorer of the Dark Continent and founder of the Congo Free State. Died on Tuesday, May 10, at the age of sixty-three.

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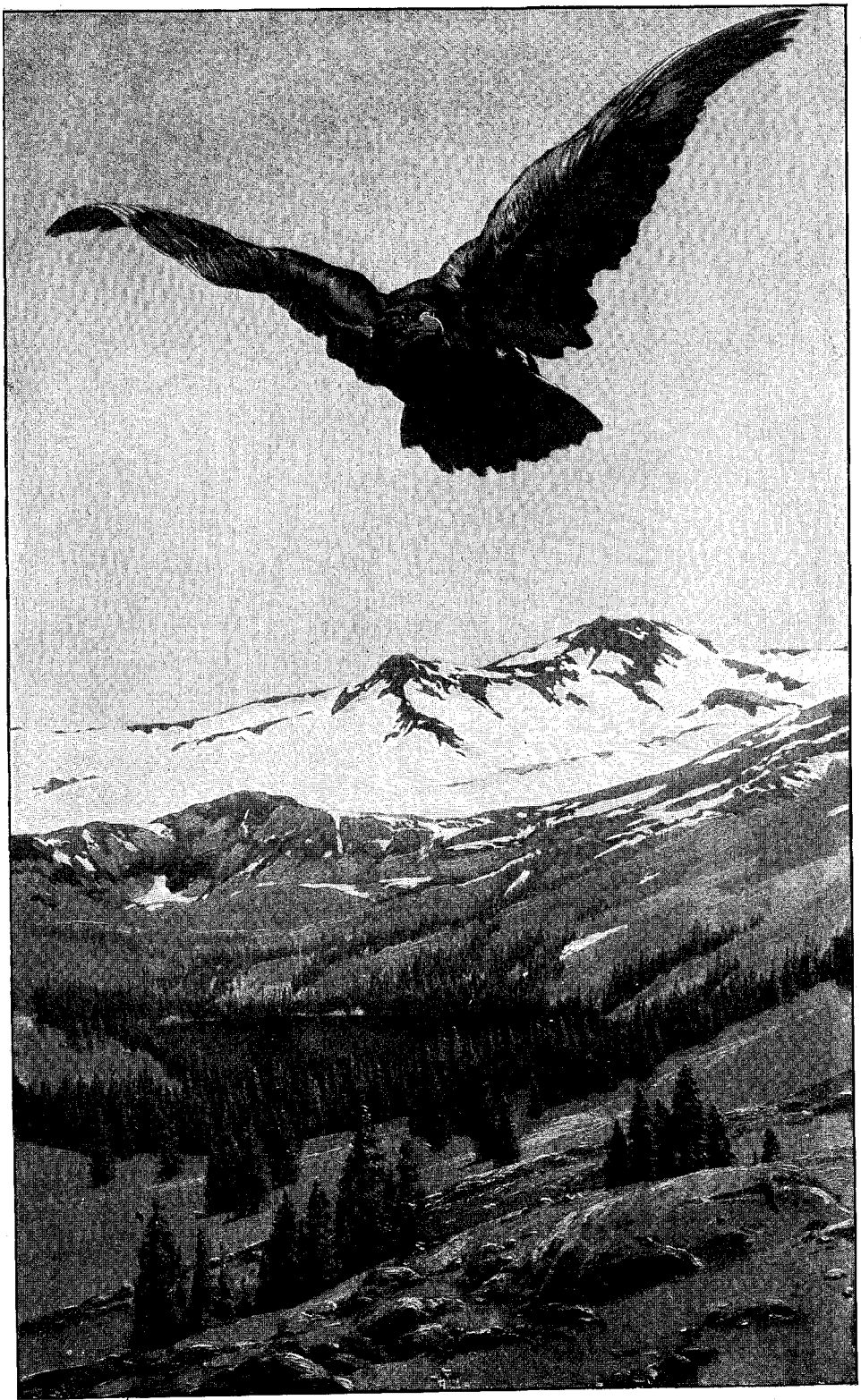

DRAWN BY FERNAND LUNGREN

THE MOUNTAINS

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THE MOUNTAINS

BY

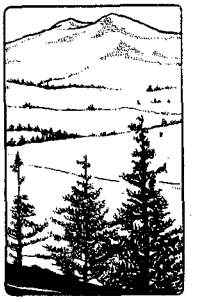
STEWART EDWARD WHITE

AUTHOR OF

THE FOREST

THE BLAZED TRAIL

THE SILENT PLACES Etc.



WITH PICTURES BY FERNAND LUNGREN

I.—The Ridge Trail

SIX trails lead to the main ridge. They are all good trails, so that even the casual tourist in the little Spanish-American town on the seacoast need have nothing to fear from the ascent. In some spots they contract to an arm's length of space, outside of which limit they drop sheer away; elsewhere they stand up on end, zigzag in lacets each more hair-raising than the last, or fill to demoralization with loose boulders and shale. A fall on the part of your horse would mean a more than serious accident; but Western horses do not fall. The major premise stands: even the casual tourist has no real reason for fear, however scared he may become.

Our favorite route to the main ridge was by a way called the Cold Spring Trail. We used to enjoy taking visitors up it, mainly because you come on the top suddenly, without warning. Then we collected remarks. Everybody, even the most stolid, said something.

You rode three miles on the flat, two in the leafy and gradually ascending creek-bed of a cañon, a half hour of laboring steepness in the overarching mountain lilac and laurel. There you came to a great rock gateway which seemed the top of the world. At the gateway was a Bad Place where the ponies planted warily their little hoofs, and the visitor played "eyes front," and besought that his mount should not stumble.

Beyond the gateway a lush level cañon into which you plunged as into a bath; then again the laboring trail, up and always up toward the blue California sky, out of the lilacs and laurels and redwood chaparral into the manzanita, the Spanish bayonet, the creamy yucca, and the fine angular shale of the upper regions. Beyond the apparent summit you found always other summits yet to be climbed. And all at once, like thrusting your shoulders out of a hatchway, you looked over the top.

Then came the remarks. Some swore softly; some uttered appreciative ejac-

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ulation; some shouted aloud; some gasped; one man uttered three times the word "Oh"—once breathlessly, Oh! once in awakening appreciation, *Oh!* once in wild enthusiasm, OH! Then invariably they fell silent and looked.

For the ridge, ascending from seaward in a gradual coquetry of foot-hills, broad low ranges, cross-systems, cañons, little flats, and gentle ravines, inland dropped off almost sheer to the river below. And from under your very feet rose, range after range, tier after tier, rank after rank, in increasing crescendo of wonderful tinted mountains to the main crest of the Coast Ranges, the blue distance, the mightiness of California's western systems. The eye followed them up and up, and farther and farther, with the accumulating emotion of a wild rush on a toboggan. There came a point where the fact grew to be almost too big for the appreciation, just as beyond a certain point speed seems to become unbearable. It left you breathless, wonder-stricken, awed. You could do nothing but look, and look, and look again, tongue-tied by the impossibility of doing justice to what you felt. And in the far distance, finally, your soul, grown big in a moment, came to rest on the great precipices and pines of the greatest mountains of all, close under the sky.

In a little, after the change had come to you, a change definite and enduring, which left your inner processes forever different from what they had been, you turned sharp to the west and rode five miles along the knife-edge Ridge Trail to where Rattlesnake Cañon led you down and back to your accustomed environment.

To the left as you rode you saw, far on the horizon, rising to the height of your eye, the mountains of the channel islands. Then the deep sapphire of the Pacific, fringed with the soft, unchanging white of the surf and the yellow of the shore. Then the town like a little map, and the lush greens of the wide meadows, the fruit-groves, the lesser ranges—all vivid, fertile, brilliant, and pulsating with vitality. You filled your senses with it, steeped them in the beauty of it. And at once, by a mere turn of the eyes, from the almost crude insistence of the bright primary color of life, you faced the tenuous azures of distance, the delicate mauves and amethysts, the lilacs and saffrons of the arid country.

This was the wonder we never tired of seeing for ourselves, of showing to others. And often, academically, perhaps a little wistfully, as one talks of something to be dreamed of but never enjoyed, we spoke of how fine it would be to ride down into that land of mystery and enchantment, to penetrate one after another the cañons dimly outlined in the shadows cast by the westering sun, to cross the moun'ains lying outspread in easy grasp of the eye, to gain the distant blue Ridge, and see with our own eyes what lay beyond.

For to its other attractions the prospect added that of impossibility, of unattainableness. These rides of ours were day rides. We had to get home by nightfall. Our horses had to be fed, ourselves to be housed. We had not time to continue on down the other side whither the trail led. At the very and literal brink of achievement we were forced to turn back.

Gradually the idea possessed us. We promised ourselves that some day we would explore. In our after-dinner smokes we spoke of it. Occasionally, from some hunter or forest-ranger, we gained little items of information, we learned the fascination of musical names —Mono Cañon, Patrera Don Victor, Lloma Paloma, Patrera Madulce, Cuyamas, became familiar to us as syllables. We desired mightily to body them forth to ourselves as facts. The extent of our mental vision expanded. We heard of other mountains far beyond these farthest—mountains whose almost unexplored vastnesses contained great forests, mighty valleys, strong watercourses, beautiful hanging-meadows, deep cañons of granite, eternal snows—mountains so extended, so wonderful, that their secrets offered whole summers of solitary exploration. We came to feel their marvel, we came to respect the inferno of the Desert that hemmed them in. Shortly we graduated from the indefiniteness of railroad maps to the intrica-

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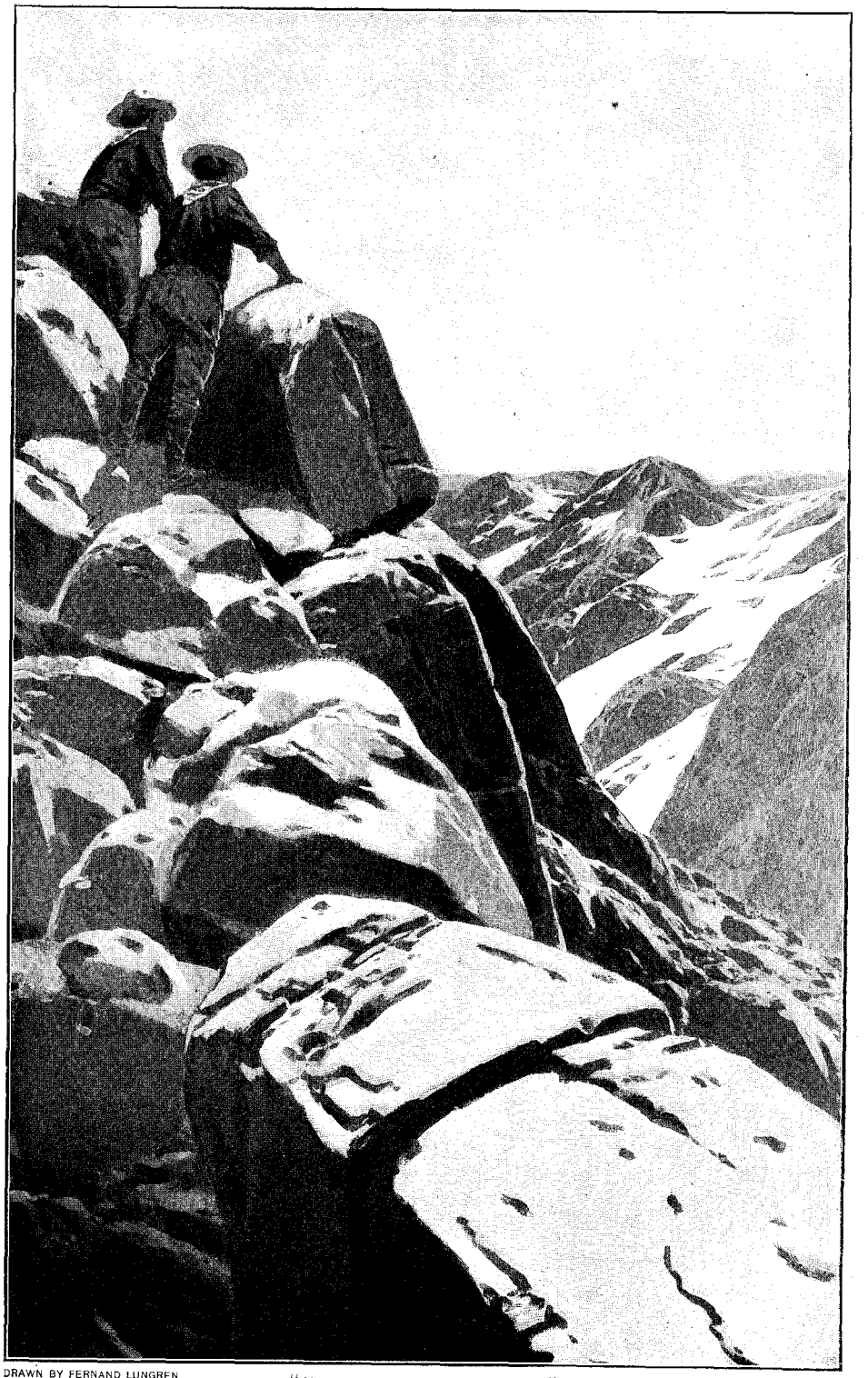

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"THE TOP OF THE WORLD"

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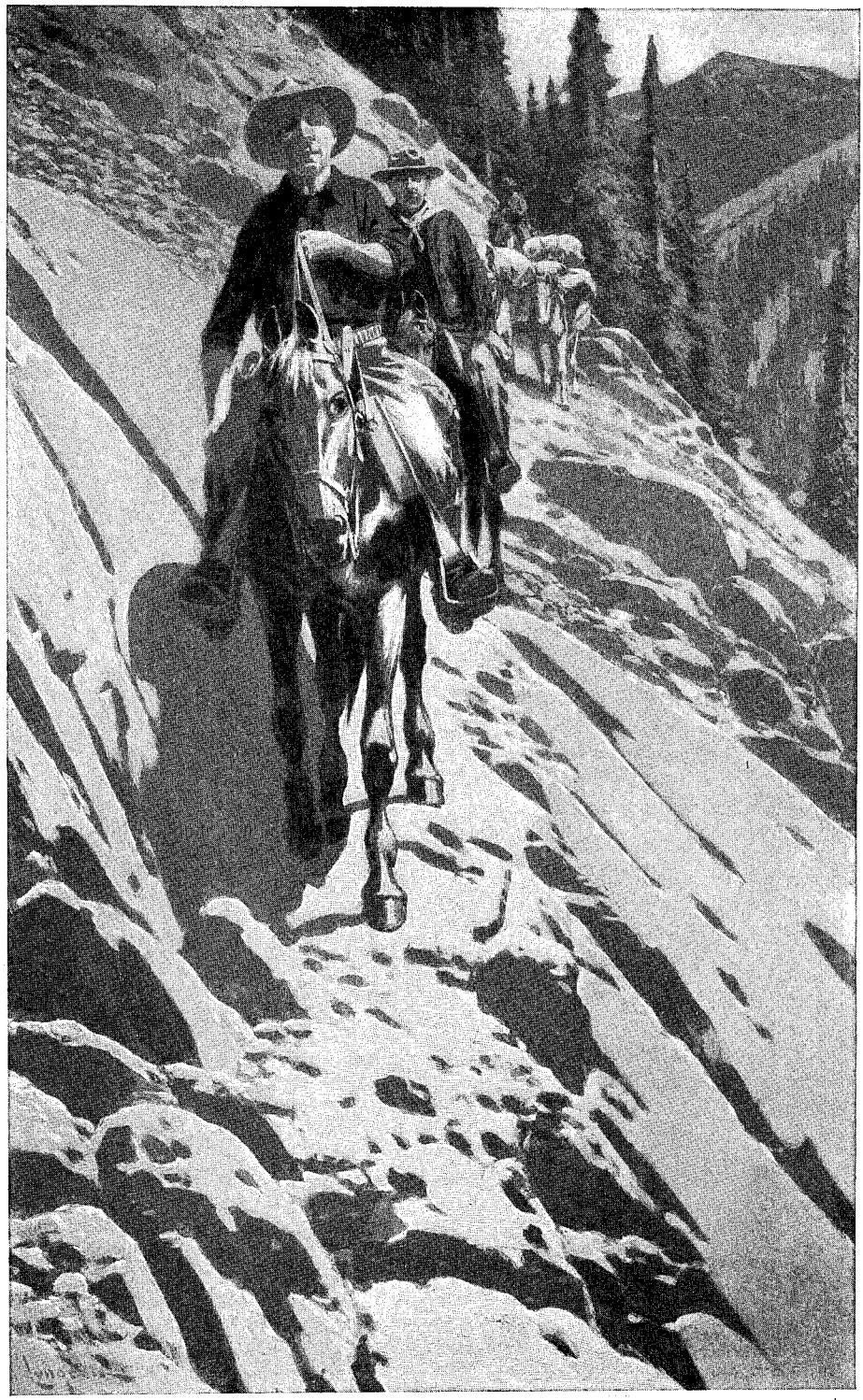

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THE TRAIL

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cies of geological survey charts. The fever was on us. We must go.

A dozen of us desired. Three of us went; and of the manner of our going, and what you must know who would do likewise, I shall try here to tell.

II.—On Equipment

If you would travel far in the great mountains where the trails are few and bad, you will need a certain unique experience and skill. Before you dare venture forth without a guide, you must be able to do a number of things, and to do them well.

First and foremost of all, you must be possessed of that strange sixth sense best described as the sense of direction. By it you always know about where you are. It is to some degree a memory for back-tracks and landmarks, but to a greater extent an instinct for the lay of the country, for relative bearings, by which you are able to make your way across-lots back to your starting-place. It is not an uncommon faculty, yet some lack it utterly. If you are one of the latter class, do not venture, for you will get lost as sure as shooting, and being lost in the mountains is no joke.

Some men possess it; others do not. The distinction seems to be almost arbitrary. It can be largely developed, but only in those with whom original endowment of the faculty makes development possible. No matter how long a direction-blind man frequents the wilderness, he is never sure of himself. Nor is the lack any reflection on the intelligence. I once traveled in the Black Hills with a young fellow who himself frankly confessed that, after much experiment, he had come to the conclusion that he could not "find himself." He asked me to keep near him, and this I did as well as I could; but even then, three times during the course of ten days he lost himself completely in the tumultuous upheavals and cañons of that badly mixed region. Another, an old grouse-hunter, walked twice in a circle within the confines of a thick swamp about two miles square. On the other hand, many exhibit almost marvelous skill in striking a bee-line for their objective point, and can always tell you, even after an engrossing and wandering hunt, exactly where camp lies. And I know nothing more discouraging than to look up after a long, hard day to find your landmarks changed in appearance, your choice widened to at least five diverging and similar cañons, your pockets empty of food, and the chill mountain twilight descending.

Analogous to this is the ability to follow a dim trail. A trail in the mountains often means merely a way through, a route picked out by some prospector, and followed since at long intervals by chance travelers.

It may, moreover, mean the only way through. Missing it will bring you to ever-narrowing ledges, until at last you end at a precipice, and there is no room to turn your horses around for the return. Some of the great box cañons thousands of feet deep are practicable by but one passage—and that steep and ingenious in its utilization of ledges, crevices, little ravines, and "hog's-backs;" and when the only indications to follow consist of the dim vestiges left by your last predecessor, perhaps years before, the affair becomes one of considerable skill and experience. You must be able to pick out scratches made by shod hoofs on the granite, depressions almost filled in by the subsequent fall of decayed vegetation, excoriations on fallen trees. You must have the sense to know *at once* when you have overrun these indications, and the patience to turn back immediately to your last certainty, there to pick up the next clue, even if it should take you the rest of the day. In short, it is absolutely necessary that you be at least a persistent tracker.

Parenthetically; having found the trail, be charitable. Blaze it, if there are trees; otherwise "monument" it by piling rocks on top of one another. Thus will those who come after bless your unknown shade.

Third, you must know horses. I do not mean that you should be a horse-show man, with a knowledge of points and pedigrees. But you must learn

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exactly what they can and cannot do in the matters of carrying weights, making distance, enduring without deterioration hard climbs in high altitudes; what they can or cannot get over in the way of bad places. This last is not always a matter of appearance merely. Some bits of trail, seeming impassable to anything but a goat, a Western horse will negotiate easily; while others not particularly terrifying in appearance offer complications of abrupt turn or a single bit of unstable, leg-breaking footing which renders them exceedingly dangerous. You must, moreover, be able to manage your animals to the best advantage in such bad places. Of course you must in the beginning have been wise as to the selection of the horses.

Fourth, you must know good horse-feed when you see it. Your animals are depending entirely on the country; for of course you are carrying no dry feed for them. Their pasturage will present itself under a variety of aspects, all of which you must recognize with certainty. Some of the greenest, lushest, most satisfying-looking meadows grow nothing but water-grasses of large bulk but small nutrition; while apparently barren tracts often conceal small but strong growths of great value. You must differentiate these.

Fifth, you must possess the ability to pare a hoof, fit a shoe cold, nail it in place. A bare hoof does not last long on the granite, and you are far from the nearest blacksmith. Directly in line with this, you must have the trick of picking up and holding a hoof without being kicked, and you must be able to throw and tie without injuring him any horse that declines to be shod in any other way.

Last, you must of course be able to pack a horse well, and must know four or five of the most essential pack "hitches."

With this personal equipment you ought to be able to get through the country. It comprises the absolutely essential.

But, further, for the sake of the highest efficiency, you should add, as finish to your mountaineer's education, certain other items. A knowledge of the habits of deer and the ability to catch trout with fair certainty are almost a necessity when far from the base of supplies. Occasionally the trail goes to pieces entirely: there you must know something of the handling of an ax and pick. Learn how to swim a horse. You will have to take lessons in camp-fire cookery. Otherwise employ a guide. Of course your lungs, heart, and legs must be in good condition.

As to outfit, certain especial conditions will differentiate your needs from those of forest and canoe travel.

You will in the changing altitudes be exposed to greater variations in temperature. At morning you may travel in the hot, arid foot-hills; at noon you will be in the cool shades of the big pines; towards evening you may wallow through snowdrifts; and at dark you may camp where morning will show you icicles hanging from the brinks of little waterfalls. Behind your saddle you will want to carry a sweater, or, better still, a buckskin waistcoat. Your arms are never cold, anyway, and the pockets of such a waistcoat, made many and deep, are handy receptacles for smokables, matches, cartridges, and the like. For the night-time, when the cold creeps down from the high peaks, you should provide yourself with a suit of very heavy underwear and an extra sweater or a buckskin shirt. The latter is lighter, softer, and more impervious to the wind than the sweater. Here again I wish to place myself on record as opposed to a coat. It is a useless ornament, assumed but rarely, and then only as substitute for a handier garment.

Inasmuch as you will be a great deal called on to handle abrading and sometimes frozen ropes, you will want a pair of heavy buckskin gauntlets. An extra pair of stout high-laced boots with small Hungarian hob-nails will come handy. It is marvelous how quickly leather wears out in the down-hill friction of granite and shale. I once found the heels of a new pair of shoes almost ground away by a single giant-strides descent of a steep shale-covered thirteen-thousand-foot mountain. Having no others, I patched them with hair-covered rawhide and a bit of horseshoe. It sufficed, but was a long and disagreeable

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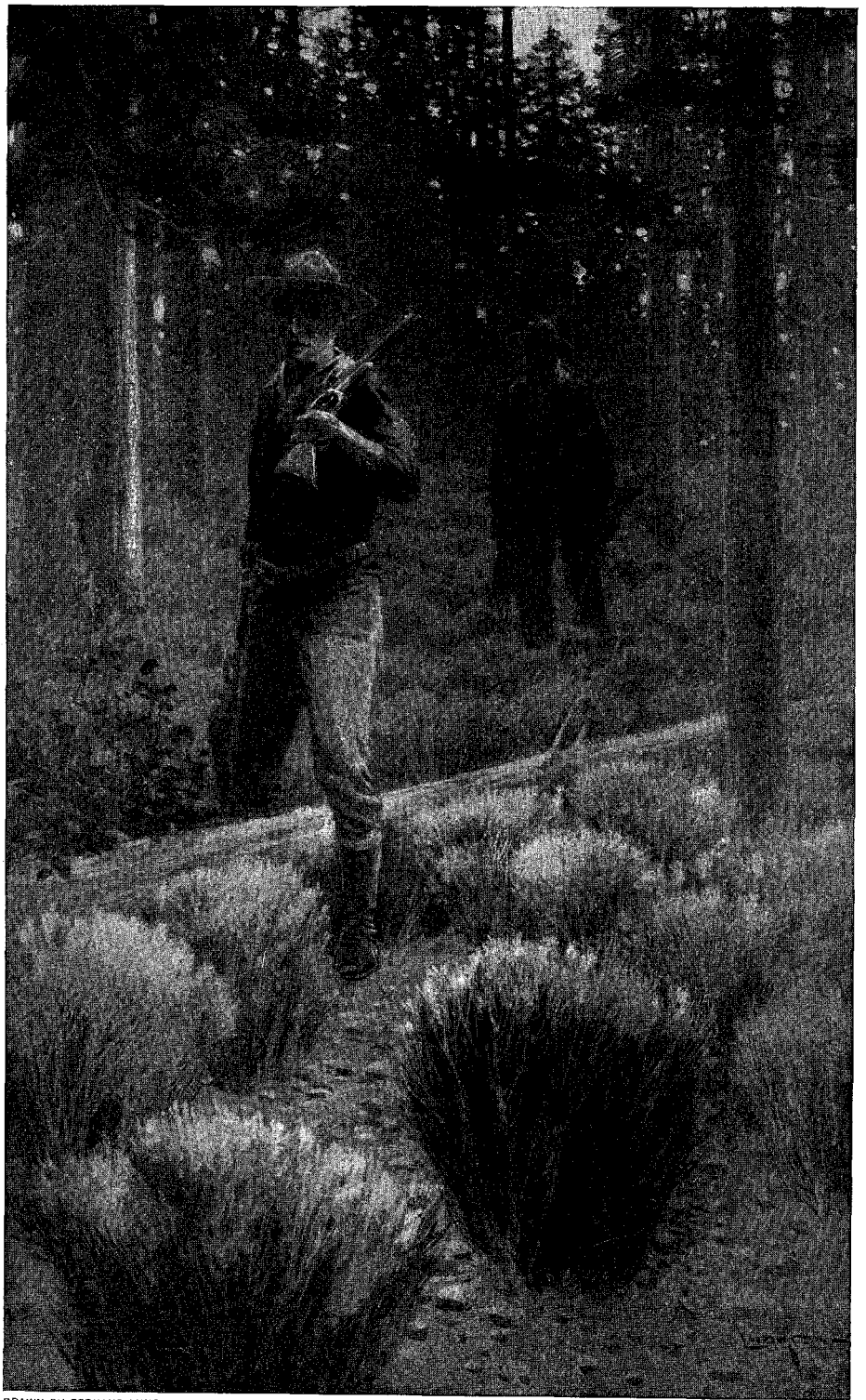

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REPLENISHING THE LARDER

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job, which an extra pair would have obviated.

Balsam is practically unknown in the high hills, and the rocks are especially hard. Therefore you will take, in addition to your gray army-blanket, a thick quilt or comforter to save your bones. This, with your saddle-blankets and pads as foundation, should give you ease—if you are tough. Otherwise take a second quilt.

A tarpaulin of heavy canvas 17 × 6 feet goes under you, and can be, if necessary, drawn up to cover your head. We never used a tent. Since you do not have to pack your outfit on your own back, you can, if you choose, include a small pillow. Your other personal belongings are those you would carry into the Forest. I have elsewhere described what they should be.

Now as to the equipment for your horses.

The most important point for yourself is your riding-saddle. The cowboy or military style and seat are the only practicable ones. Perhaps of these two the cowboy saddle is the better, for the simple reason that often in roping or leading a refractory horse the horn is a great help. For steep-trail work the double cinch is preferable to the single, as it need not be pulled so tight to hold the saddle in place.

Your riding-bridle you will make of an ordinary halter, by riveting two snaps to the lower part of the head-piece, just above the corners of the horse's mouth. These are snapped into the rings of the bit. At night you unsnap the bit, remove it and the reins, and leave the halter part on the horse. Each animal, riding and packing, has furthermore a short lead-rope attached always to his halter-ring.

Of pack-saddles the ordinary sawbuck-tree is by all odds the best, provided it fits. It rarely does. If you can adjust the wood accurately to the anatomy of the individual horse, so that the side-pieces bear evenly and smoothly, without gouging the withers or chafing the back, you are possessed of the handiest machine made for the purpose. Should individual fitting prove impracticable, get an old *low* California riding-tree, and have a blacksmith bolt an upright spike on the cantle. You can hang the loops of the kyacks or alforjas—the sacks slung on either side the horse—from the pommel and this iron spike. Whatever the saddle chosen, it should be supplied with breast-straps, breeching, and two good cinches.

The kyacks or alforjas just mentioned are made either of heavy canvas or of rawhide shaped square and dried over boxes. After drying, the boxes are removed, leaving the stiff rawhide like small trunks open at the top. I prefer the canvas, for the reason that they can be folded and packed for railroad transportation. If a stiffer receptacle is wanted for miscellaneous loose small articles, you can insert a soap-box inside the canvas. It cannot be denied that the rawhide will stand rougher usage.

Probably the point now of greatest importance is that of saddle-padding. A sore back is the easiest thing in the world to induce—three hours' chafing will turn the trick—and once it is done you are in trouble for a month. No precautions or pains are too great to take in assuring your pack-animals against this. On a pinch, you will give up cheerfully part of your bedding to the cause. However, two good-quality woolen blankets properly and smoothly folded, a pad made of two ordinary collar-pads sewed parallel by means of canvas strips in such a manner as to lie along both sides of the backbone, a well-fitted saddle, and care in packing will nearly always suffice. I have gone months without having to doctor a single abrasion.

You will furthermore want a pack-cinch and a pack-rope for each horse. The former are of canvas or webbing provided with a ring at one end and a big bolted wooden hook at the other. The latter should be half-inch lines of good quality. Thirty-three feet is enough for packing only; but we usually bought them forty feet long, so they could be used also as picket-ropes. Do not fail to include several extra. They are always fraying out, getting broken, being cut to free a fallen horse, or becoming lost.

Besides the picket-ropes, you will also

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provide for each horse a pair of strong hobbles. Take them to a harness-maker and have him sew inside each ankle-band a broad strip of soft wash-leather twice the width of the band. This will save much chafing. Some advocate sheepskin with the wool on, but this I have found tends to soak up water or to freeze hard. At least two loud cow-bells with neck-straps are handy to assist you in locating whither the bunch may have strayed during the night. They should be hung on the loose horses most inclined to wander.

Accidents are common in the hills. The repair-kit is normally rather comprehensive. Buy a number of extra latigos, or cinch-straps. Include many copper rivets of all sizes—they are the best quick-repair known for almost everything, from putting together a smashed pack-saddle to cobbling a worn-out boot. Your horseshoeing outfit should be complete with paring-knife, rasp, nail-set, clippers, hammer, nails, and shoes. The latter will be the malleable soft iron, low-calked "Goodenough," which can be fitted cold. Purchase a dozen front shoes and a dozen and a half hind shoes. The latter wear out faster on the trail. A box or so of hob-nails for your own boots, a waxed end and awl, a whetstone, a file, and a piece of buckskin for strings and patches complete the list.

Thus equipped, with your grub supply, your cooking utensils, your personal effects, your rifle, and your fishing-tackle, you should be able to go anywhere that man and horses can go, entirely self-reliant, independent of the towns.

The Path of the White Cow

By Ella F. Mosby

Narrow and winding the pathway,
Deep in the heart of the wood;
It ran through the beds of fern,
Where the spreading beeches stood—
Beeches whose tiny leaf-buds
Were just unfurling their wings,
With a flutter, a whisper, a stirring,
A thousand soft murmurings!

The White Cow browsed as she moved
Under the boughs at her ease,
The feathery fronds of the fern
Rustling about her knees.
Before her the brooklet widened,
A placid and shadowy pool,
Or netted the darting minnows
In the shallows shining and cool.

Blue was the earth with violets,
And white with the stars between;
Anemones, nodding softly,
Were weaving a leafy screen;
While under dry leaves of autumn
The arbutus, still in bloom—
Exquisite, rosy, and fragrant—
Scattered the winter's gloom.

Tingle, ling—the cow crops a blossom
Blooming low in the grass,
Or nibbles the pungent and yellow
Buds of the sassafras.

She moves on slow in the gloaming;
You hear the brook as it flows—
All at once are the meadows enchanted,
And a wind of memory blows

In the boy's heart as he loiters;
He is counting them, name by name;
The bell seems telling their story—
Cadmus, of ancient fame,
Who followed the White Cow truly
As she moved through sunlight and shade,
By river and mountain and forest,
And never her footsteps strayed,

Till she reached a spot where Cadmus
Should build a marvelous town,
And rule a powerful kingdom,
Where the White Cow lay down!
The white bull swam with Europa
Safe through the breakers' foam;
And Io, the milk-white heifer,
Was driven by Juno to roam

Far from the pastures familiar
To the old banks of the Nile,
Where from her blood a Deliverer
Rose, without hatred or guile.
Jingle, jangle, jingle!
The White Cow quickens her pace;
She remembers the calf in the barnyard,
And the little red spot in its face!

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The Feet of the Young Men[1]

By Rudyard Kipling

With Drawings by Alden Peirson

Now the Four-way Lodge is opened, now the Hunting
Winds are loose—
Now the Smokes of Spring go up to clear the brain;
Now the Young Men's hearts are troubled for the whisper
of the Trues,
Now the Red Gods make their medicine again!
Who hath seen the beaver busied? Who hath watched
the blacktail mating?
Who hath lain alone to hear the wild-goose cry?
Who hath worked the chosen water where the ouananiche
is waiting,
Or the sea-trout's jumping-crazy for the fly?

He must go—go—go away from here!
On the other side the world he's overdue.
'Send your road is clear before you when the old Spring-
fret comes o'er you
And the Red Gods call for you!

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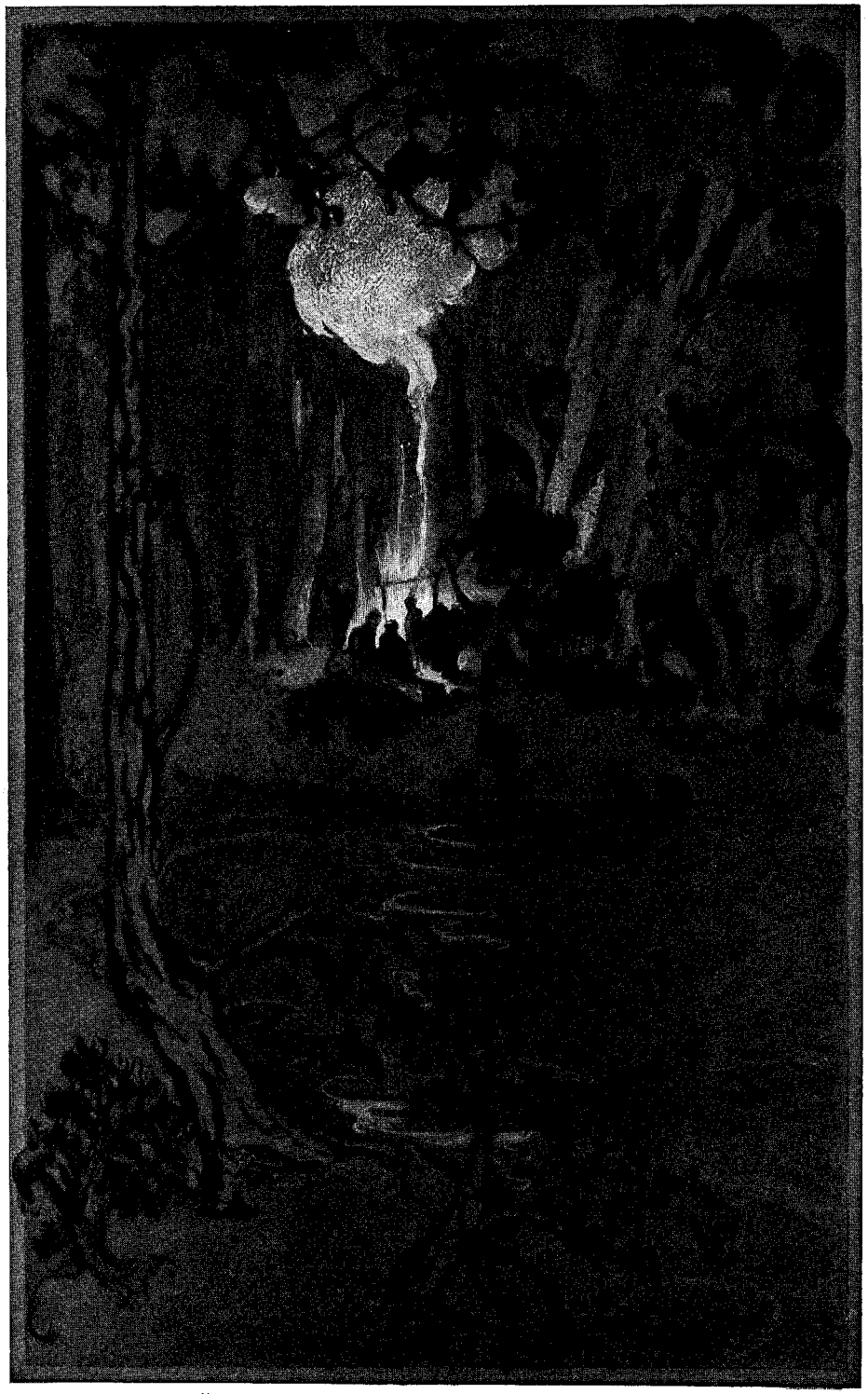

"WHO HATH HEARD THE BIRCH-LOG BURNING"

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So for one the wet sail arching through the rainbow round the bow,
And for one the creak of snow-shoes on the crust;
And for one the lakeside lilies where the bull-moose waits the cow,
And for one the mule-train coughing in the dust.
Who hath smelt wood-smoke at twilight? Who hath heard the birch-log burning?
Who is quick to read the noises of the night?
Let him follow with the others, for the Young Men's feet are turning
To the camps of proved desire and known delight!

Let him go—go, etc.

I.

Do you know the blackened timber—do you know that racing stream
With the raw, right-angled log-jam at the end;
And the bar of sun-warmed shingle where a man may bask and dream
To the click of shod canoe-poles round the bend?
It is there that we are going with our rods and reels and traces,
To a silent, smoky Indian that we know—
To a couch of new-pulled hemlock with the starlight on our faces,
For the Red Gods call us out and we must go!

They must go—go, etc.

II.

Do you know the shallow Baltic where the seas are steep and short,
Where the bluff, lee-boarded fishing-luggers ride?
Do you know the joy of threshing leagues to leeward of your port
On a coast you've lost the chart of overside?
It is there that I am going, with an extra hand to bale her—
Just one able 'long-shore loafer that I know.

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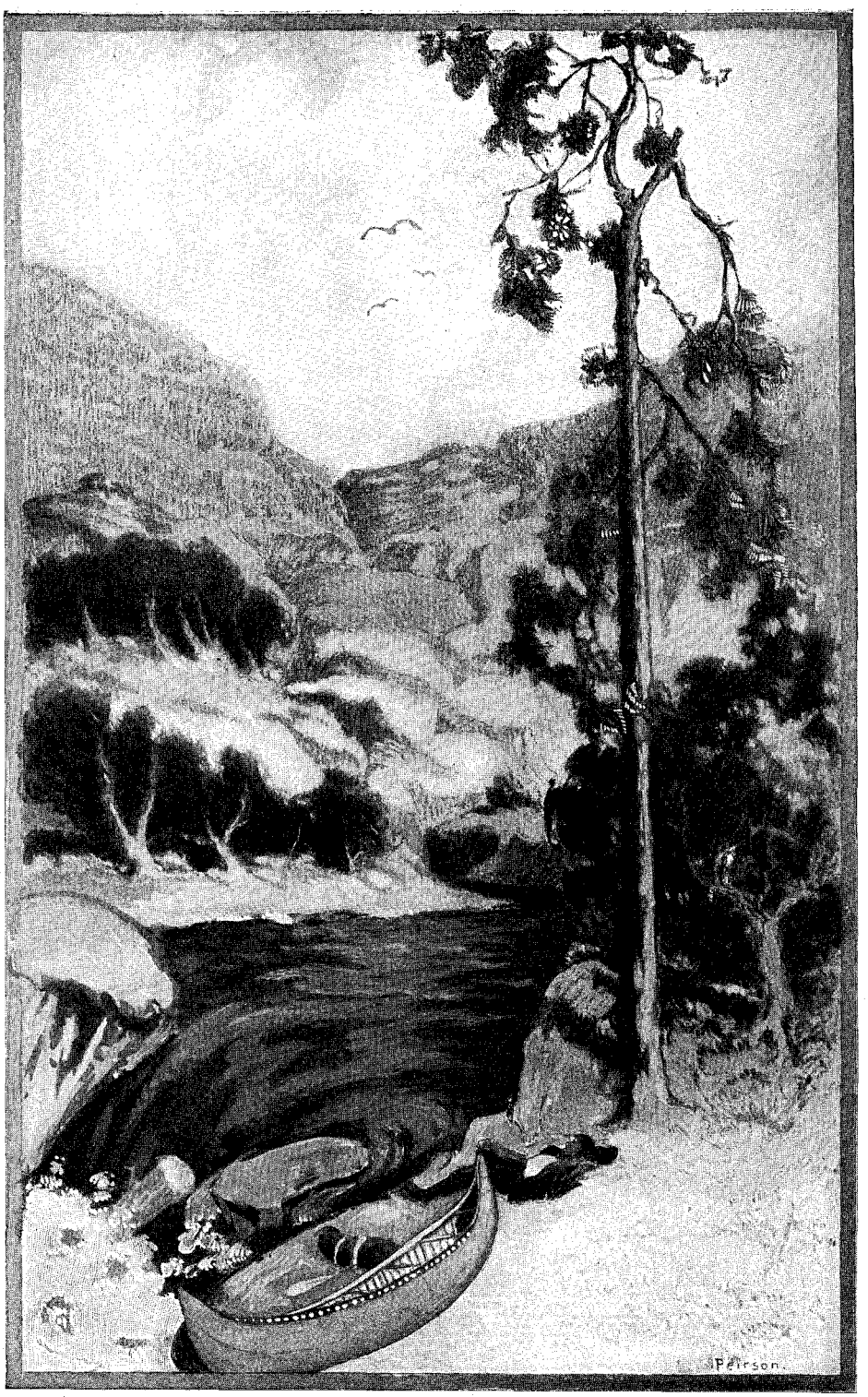

"THE BAR OF SUN-WARMED SHINGLE WHERE A MAN MAY BASK AND DREAM"

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"THE SHALLOW BALTIC WHERE THE SEAS ARE STEEP AND SHORT"

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He can take his chance of drowning, while I sail and sail and sail her,
For the Red Gods call me out and I must go!

He must go—go, etc.

III.

Do you know the pile-built village where the sago-dealers trade—
Do you know the reek of fish and wet bamboo?
Do you know the steaming stillness of the orchid-scented glade
When the blazoned, bird-winged butterflies flap through?
It is there that I am going with my camphor, net, and boxes,
To a gentle, yellow pirate that I know—
To my little wailing lemurs, to my palms and flying-foxes,
For the Red Gods call me out and I must go!

He must go—go, etc.

IV.

Do you know the world's white roof-tree—do you know that windy rift
Where the baffling mountain-eddies chop and change?
Do you know the long day's patience, belly-down on frozen drift,
While the head of heads is feeding out of range?
It is there that I am going, where the boulders and the snow lie,
With a trusty, nimble tracker that I know.
I have sworn an oath, to keep it on the Horns of Ovis Poli,
And the Red Gods call me out and I must go!

He must go—go, etc.

Now the Four-way Lodge is opened—now the Smokes of Council rise—
Pleasant smokes, ere yet 'twixt trail and trail they choose—

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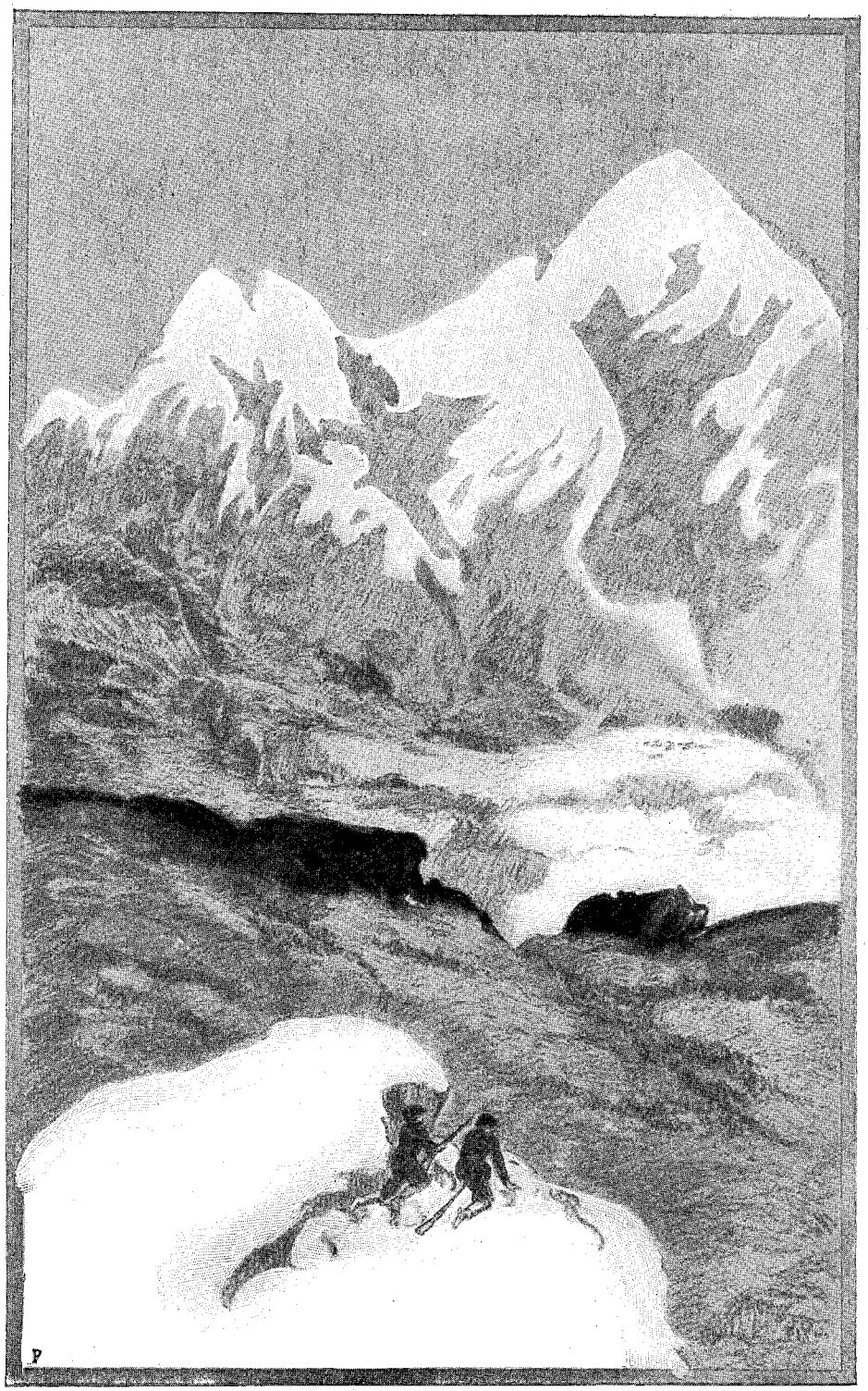

"THE WORLD'S WHITE ROOF-TREE"

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Now the girths and ropes are tested: now they pack their
last supplies:
Now our Young Men go to dance before the Trues!
Who shall meet them at those altars—who shall light them
to that shrine?
Velvet-footed, who shall guide them to their goal?
Unto each the voice and vision: unto each his spoor and
sign—
Lonely mountain in the Northland, misty sweat-bath 'neath
the Line—
And to each a man that knows his naked soul!
White or yellow, black or copper, he is waiting, as a lover,
Smoke of funnel, dust of hooves, or beat of train—
Where the high grass hides the horseman or the glaring
flats discover—
Where the steamer hails the landing, or the surf-boat
brings the rover—
Where the rails run out in sand-drift . . . Quick!
ah, heave the camp-kit over!
For the Red Gods make their medicine again!

And we go—go—go away from here!
On the other side the world we're overdue!
'Send the road is clear before you when the old Spring-
fret comes o'er you,
And the Red Gods call for you!

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VICE-ADMIRAL SKRYDLOFF

Two War Leaders

RECENT events in the war in the East have brought into very great prominence a Japanese military commander and a distinguished Russian naval officer. General Kuroki has been and is in supreme command of the first great division of the Japanese army—that which landed at Chemulpho and other Korean ports, marched northward to the Yalu River, at the beginning of last month effected the crossing of the river in a fierce battle with the Russians in which the latter were driven back with great loss, and has since advanced rapidly into Manchuria and toward the Russian bases of military concentration. General Kuroki is a Lieutenant-General in the Japanese army, and also bears the title of Baron. He is a member of the famous Samurai or war clan, all of the members of which are soldiers by the tradition of centuries. He is fifty-nine years old, is said to be scarcely more than a dwarf in stature, but as cool and imperturbable in the thick of the hottest battle as though on dress parade. There is no general in the Japanese army who is more esteemed either as a fighter or as a commander.

Admiral Skrydloff succeeded to the command of the Russian fleet in the

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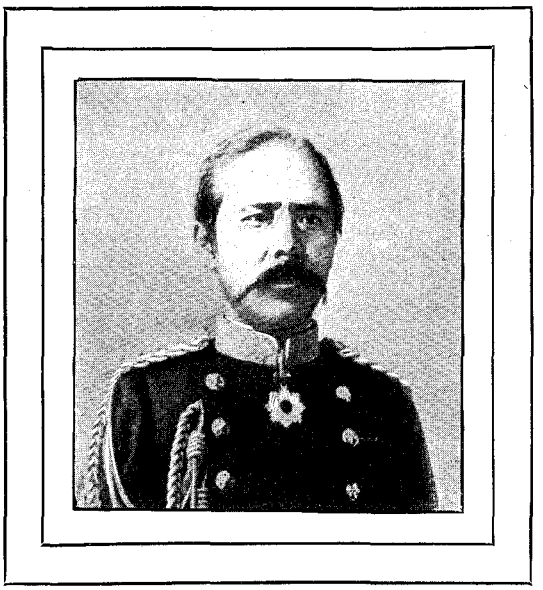
Pacific after the tragic death of Admiral Makaroff. He is about sixty years old, has held many high commands in the Russian navy, and he distinguished himself by intrepid conduct in the war with Turkey. Like Makaroff, he entered the naval service while a mere boy. Among his feats was a torpedo attack on a Turkish man-of-war in the daytime, in which he made use of a steel launch, transformed for the special purpose into a rough-and-ready torpedo-boat. Skrydloff was, like Makaroff, also a friend of the artist Verestchagin, who lost his life with Makaroff when the Petropavlovsk went down at Port Arthur. He was wounded in the Turkish War, was rewarded with the St. George's cross for his personal bravery, and received then promotion which was afterwards rapidly repeated. A characteristic incident told of him is that while commanding the sloop Strelok he sent his paymaster ashore at Hayti. When the latter was detained, Captain Skrydloff demanded his release upon penalty of bombardment, and his paymaster was brought to the ship.



GENERAL KUROKI

He was in command of the Mediterranean squadron during the Cretan troubles, and his services in that connection commended him to his Government. Subsequently he commanded the Pacific fleet for three years. He rose to the grade of vice-admiral in 1900, and last year he commanded the Black Sea fleet and forts.

For Pierre and Jeanne

By Francis Sterne Palmer

The red doe found the place, and bore
A broken branch from off its floor:
The hen-grouse brushed it with her wing
Till its moss was fresh as in the spring:
A mother hare had so soft a leap
Her little ones must be near and asleep;
She came rejoiced to do her part
(The hare has ever a kindly heart);
Littering leaves she cleared away
Till the bank was smooth as in first May,
Till not a blot her eye discovers,
(The hare has ever a liking for lovers.)

So doe and grouse and foot-soft hare,
Wild servitors of Love, prepare
This place appointed for the tryst
Of Pierre and Jeanne—who met, and kissed,
And loitered there with loving words,
Plighting their troth like forest birds.

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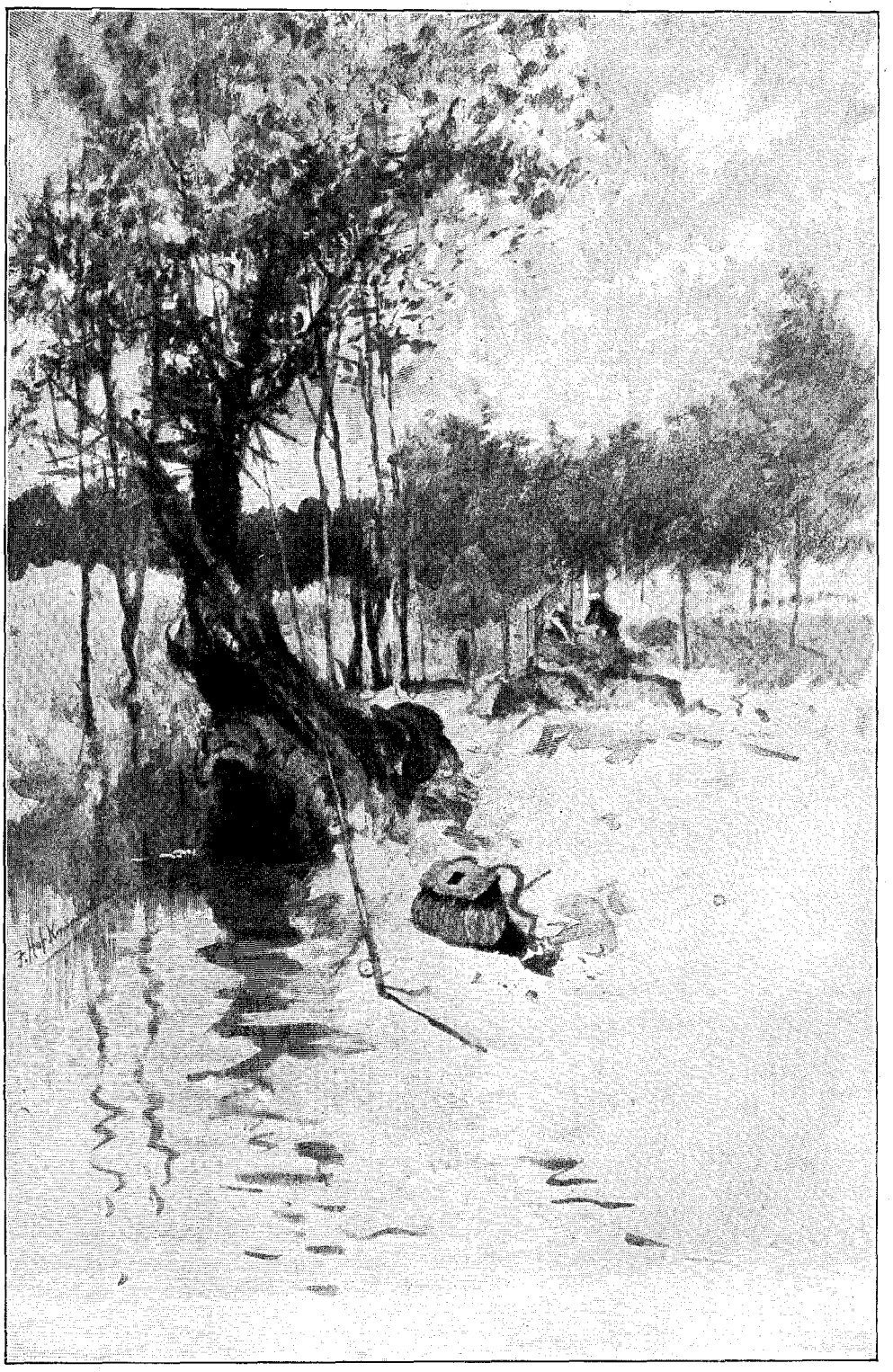

JUNE
Drawn by F. Hopkinson Smith.

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June

By Sara Andrew Shafer

Full-leafed in pride of deepest green,
The Earth in the sunshine basks serene.
Where linden blossoms crowded cling,
A thousand bees are murmuring.
As showers drift from the freshened land
With a seven-barred bow is the rain-cloud spanned.
The wild rose yields her subtlest scents
Where haycocks pitch their fragrant tents.
The longest day's too brief for June,
The night too short for such a moon!

Upstream

By Margaret Waldo Higginson

TALL grasses rose on either side. The stream narrowed to the banks so that the canoe grazed them as it glided by. The sun beat down on the water, and the clear depths sent back the wonder of sky and mountain overhead. In the dark woods behind, the hermit thrush poured out his lonely song of love and pain; and on the little trees in the marshes song-sparrows sang. We paddled on through infinite stillness, infinite solitude.

On each side stretched the quiet, sunny marshes. Big white clouds floated dreamily overhead, distant flocks of crows wended their way up into the dense blue, and below the firs stood silent, darkly green. Bullfrogs, sun-baked and contented, croaked lazily from the banks, and blackbirds flitted suddenly to and fro among the tall grasses; a song-sparrow burst out joyfully on a bough above our heads, his throat vibrating with his very joy in living. Ahead lay the stream, softly shimmering in the heat.

Suddenly it widened out into a burnished sheet of gold. Lily-pads, dragging filmy brown draperies behind them, blocked our passage. We pushed through them gently, their soft stems swishing against our prow, our paddles pulling away and tearing heartlessly the brown feathery draperies, till the stems were left bare in their pink innocence. Tall sedges began to stretch up stiff arms to keep us back. They seemed to be trying to guard the privacy of the place, hitherto uninvaded. Blue dragon-flies shimmered through the air, and lit for a moment, questioningly, on our paddles, their gauzy wings aquiver.

All at once a white school-house and a dusty thread of road appeared at one side of us. A small boy, idling along, stopped his whistling, and stared, wide-eyed, at the apparition of two human beings gliding along behind the screen of tall grasses. He watched us in astonishment till we were out of sight around the bend of the stream. Then we could imagine him idling along again, kicking up the dust with his bare toes. We wondered where he was going. Perhaps it was he who had built the diminutive diving-board that we discovered in a shady pool.

Farther on, the narrowness of the banks shut down on us again. Tall branches stretched straight across the stream—they had grown thus, accustomed to the solitude. Interlocked tightly, we pushed them away, and held them high over our heads as we glided underneath. Broken pieces of wood—the remnants of some old disused raft, floated there from no one knows where—blocked the passage. We forced our

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way through them, and paddled on, into the heart of the woods now, the bright marshes left behind.

The cool breath from the pines floated across the shadowy water; the sun, deprived by the dense foliage of his heat, sent down delicately illusive glimmerings into the dark water. Beyond, the pale green of the overhanging foliage reflected itself in the clear depths; far overhead, only a strip between the almost meeting tree-tops, was the sky, blue and sunlit, softly radiant.

After a while we tied the canoe to a tree, and climbed up the bank—through a barbed-wire fence (barbarous survival of some attempt at cultivation)—into a tangle of branch and underbrush. Ahead, a muddy, hoof-trodden path straggled on into denser thickets. We followed it a little, pushing the protesting branches away. They crackled angrily as they bent to let us pass. The stream beside us began to flow more swiftly—we could see that it made its way around rocks and fallen boughs. It sang to itself gently as it overcame each obstacle in its path one by one and sped downward to the marshes. The path became blinder and blinder—we turned back to where a broken-down dam, worn and lopsided with age, crossed the stream. Here we listened to the water flowing underneath, so coolly musical, and looked up into the blue stretched over our heads above the sun-tipped trees, and took in the wonder of it all.

After a while we went up through the woods and into the sunny road beyond. At the ugly little farm-house by the mill we stopped to ask where we could find a spring. A dull-faced, vague-eyed woman came out of the barn across the way and led us down a path into the woods again. A calf in an inclosure behind the barn landed on his head in his wild downward stampede of fright and astonishment at our unforeseen and quite incomprehensible intrusion. By the spring, cold and deep, clear as crystal, milk-cans stood to cool, great drops of moisture on them. Near at hand the brook murmured as it rushed over the stones.

The miller's wife watched us stupidly as we drank.

"We've been paddling up the stream," we said; "way up from the road over there, where the red iron bridge is—"

We looked at her inquiringly for sympathy.

"Oh," she said, dully. She shook her head slightly.

"You know the place," we urged again, "where the red bridge crosses the road on the way to—"

"No," she said, vaguely, with an uncertain movement of her head; "no." She stared at us with strange, expressionless eyes.

We turned and went back to the road.

"Can it be that she has never been away from the farm," I said, "even so far as that bridge?"

"She is queer," answered the doctor. "She is 'not all there.' It is not uncommon among farmers' wives."

We went back to our broken-down dam and looked down into the brown, translucent depths. The woman's eyes haunted me in their vague expressionlessness. They must once have been clear and bright like those shady pools.

. . . . . .

Tiny pink feathers were floating about through the pale blue sky. The sun was sinking, and light was fading fast. Only the distant tree-tops caught the glow, and held it like something too precious to part with. The great peace of evening was descending on all the land; the birds' songs became lower and sweeter as one by one they sank down to rest for the night; bullfrogs clanked from among the shadows; tree-toads began their cheerful monotone. All the sun had gone now and the sky was pale; over yonder the evening star suddenly burned. As we paddled noiselessly on, a great calm and awe stole over us; darkness fell apace; from a pool on our left some wild duck were startled from their nests and showed their bobbing heads as they swam about—then all was still again. The stars peeped out one by one, and suddenly we looked and there was the moon, big and golden and radiantly calm, rising over the darkness of the distant pines. A wildcat screamed harshly from the woods behind; then night shut down on us.

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JOHN FINDLEY WALLACE

The Builder of the Canal

THE actual head of the working force which will dig and construct the great Panama Canal will be Mr. John Findley Wallace, of Chicago, one of the best known of Western engineers and railway men. Mr. Wallace has just accepted his appointment as Chief Engineer of the Panama Canal Commission, at a salary understood to be twenty-five thousand dollars a year. He resigns his office as General Manager of the Illinois Central Railway. It is stated that the fact that Mr. Wallace is entirely free from political influence and complications was one of the considerations which led to his choice. He had already been offered a place upon the Canal Commission, but had declined. Mr. Wallace is fifty-two years old, is of New England birth, but was educated in the West, and for more than thirty years has been engaged in the West in great engineering works—such as the construction of the bridge over the Missouri at Sibley, and (at Rock Island, when he was an assistant engineer in the United States Engineering Corps) the excavation of a channel through the St. Louis chain of rocks by machinery of his own design and construction, an undertaking in which the Government previously had failed.

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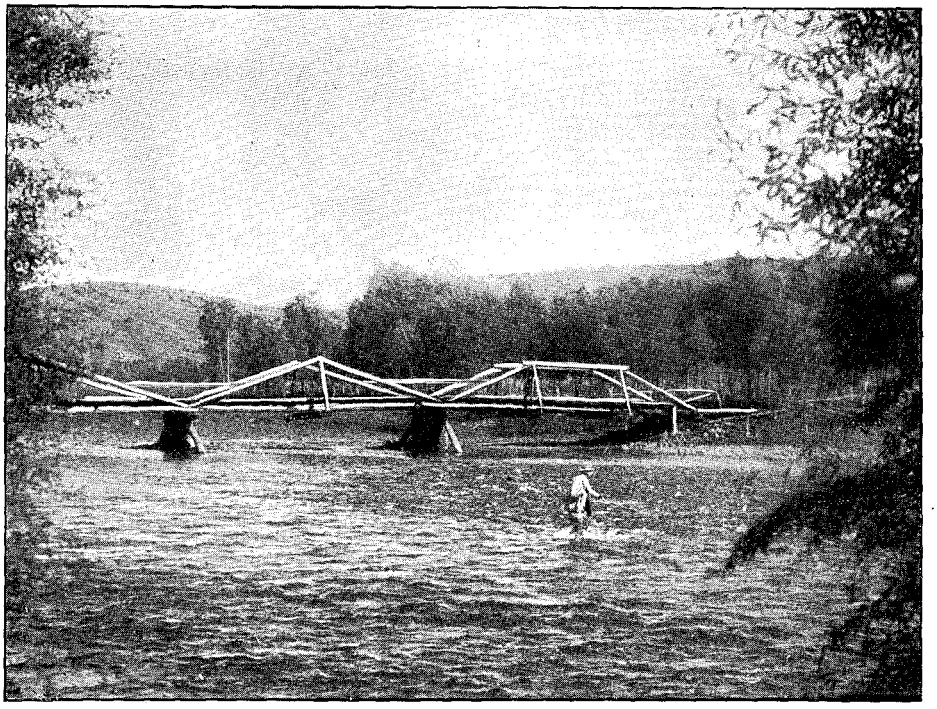

A CAST ABOVE THE BRIDGE

A Day's Fishing in Colorado

By Henry Martyn Hart

Dean of St. John's Cathedral, Denver, Colorado

"UPPER 5, on the 9:30 to Gunnison, to-night."

"Aye, aye, and anything else you want, honey, and God bless you!" replies the genial ticket-master, who hands you a Pullman car ticket, with two coupons, in exchange for $2. He will also accommodate you with transportation for $14.30 the round trip, from Denver to Gunnison and back.

"Why upper 5, when you can have a lower?" asks a youth, who evidently has intentions in the same direction.

"For good and, to me, sufficient reasons. I always go upper, because you have a spring mattress, which not a little cushions the jar of the train; you are further away from the rumble of the wheels; you can command your own ventilation, which is above your head; you are not shut in, in a small box, but have plenty of air; and I used to think we were less liable to have visits from the light-fingered fraternity, until one night I felt my trousers being pulled across my feet, a proceeding I promptly arrested by holding them tight against the partition, and my protruding head held converse with the colored porter, who visibly blanched as he stammered, "Beg your pardon, suh; made a mistake." "And so you did, you shady piece of humanity; you thought I was asleep." As this is my sole experience of an attempted larceny on board a train, and as it occurred in an upper, I must modify my impression that the sleeper in an upper is less liable to such visitations than his inferior—until I hear more from the inferior."

"More difficult to get in and out?"

"Well, of course that is true; but the curse of this age is its avoidance of physical effort. Every man in the country will do an hour's thinking to devise some scheme by which he may avoid ten

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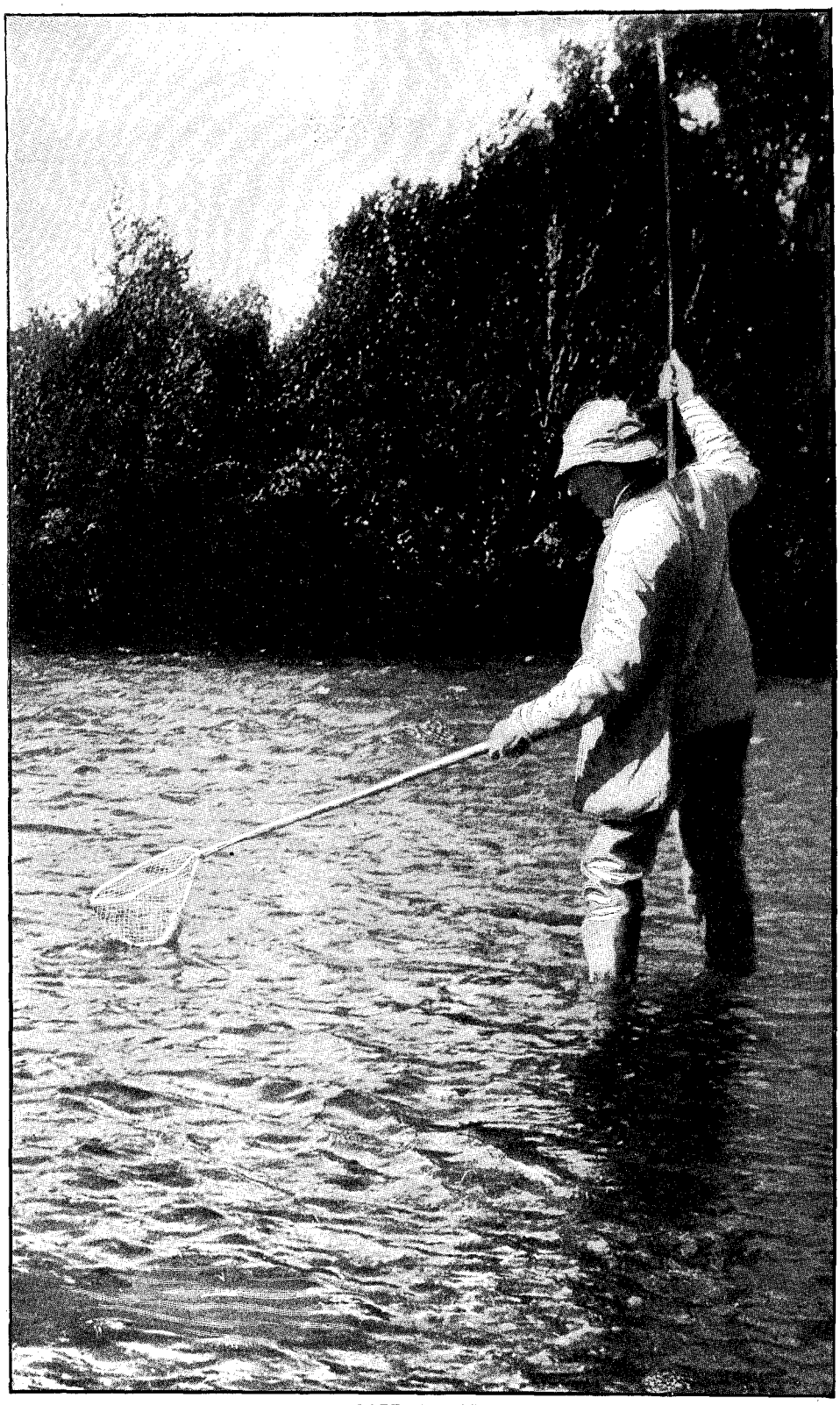

SAFE AT LAST

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minutes' manual labor. This universal disposition to shirk effort has so weakened the moral fiber of the community that we allow all sorts of wrong and lawlessness to parade in open day, and decline to take the necessary trouble to prevent the shameless show, lest forsooth we should suffer some! I therefore climb into an upper, and swing myself down, in some small defiance of the soft embrace of a wanton age, and do something towards practicing that hardness which is essential in a swimmer who makes any headway against the popular current. And I always ask for 'upper 5' because it is easier for everybody to have precise directions. Never leave room for the exercise of discretion; if you do, you give that much area for the play of all sorts of wantonness; very few people are fitted to be trusted with discretion. '5,' too, is about the middle of the car; you ride easier, and in case of accident and hold-ups the ends of the car are the dangerous places, and '5' is furthest away from both ends."

Moreover, I will admit I have still another reason for selecting the number 5. In Scriptural symbolism, to which this material generation persists in closing its purblind eyes, 5 means "human imperfection;" ten fingers is the full capability of the man who works "with both hands heartily, as unto the Lord"—with five he does only half what he might. Now, as pride is the vitality of that Self which is a man's worst enemy, humility is its antidote. St. Augustine well said that there were three steps to heaven—Humility, Humility, Humility; the sense of imperfection is an incentive to humility, and that "Upper 5" is an abiding reminder of human imperfection; upon how many imperfect humans does the safety of the train depend! So, as I lay me down in upper 5 I am glad to think that my welfare is in the hands of "Him who doeth all thing well."

If things are normal, all unconscious, we have sped south to Pueblo, then turned abruptly west, up the valley of the Arkansas, hugging the turbulent, muddy torrent as it plunges through the Royal Gorge. Grim rock sentinels two thousand feet high guard the entrance of the cañon down which the river finds its way to the plains. These cañons, rifts in the flanks of the mountains, are all alike, varying only by a few hundred feet of height. Rock, rock interminable, endless rock. Never was there a better-applied descriptive adjective than that which some great unknown appended to these mountains; they are verily "Rocky Mountains." Fifteen hundred miles from the nearest sea, little moisture reaches them; no caps of eternal snow do their peaks wear; no green glaciers crawl down their mountain valleys, bringing verdure and coolness to the lowlands.

At 5:15 we debouch upon an oval plateau circled by splendid mountains; here is Salida; we have come two hundred and fifteen miles. We for Gunnison now leave the broad gauge and take the narrow gauge. The former line, turning westward, mounts to that wonderful mining camp, Leadville, which lives and thrives at ten thousand feet above the sea level; while the latter makes for the Marshall Pass, and so over the range. As our Gunnison train does not leave until 6:45, we have a good hour in which to breakfast; and if you are a fisher who is bent upon economizing both time and money, save from your breakfast "a bite of lunch"—you will need it later on.

Again the train begins to mount, performing engineering wonders as it zigzags up the highest bosom of the range. Splendid views unfold themselves as spurs are rounded and panoramas of stalwart peaks march across the field of view.

The most picturesque of the ranges bears a thrilling name, "The Sangre de Christo." It trends south until it terminates abruptly at the San Luis Valley in a mighty and almost perpendicular escarpment. In the middle of that sheer precipice of crag the Indians see a spot of red; they say it is a drop of the blood of Christ, and whosoever climbs the face of the rock and, at risk of limbs or life, touches the reddened spot, is cleansed of sin. Colorado has many memories of the Spaniards, but none of more vital interest than this preachment of man's only salvation which they managed to commit to this spur of the everlasting hills.

The summit of the Pass is reached at

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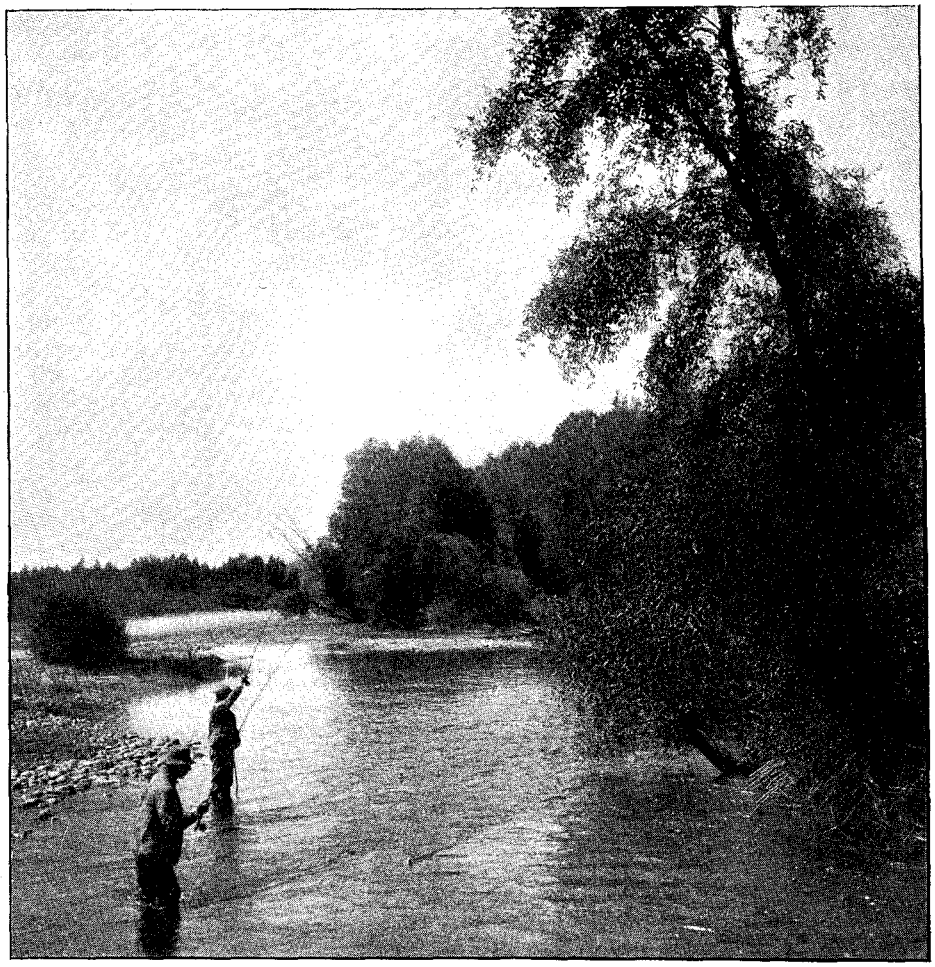

A FAVORITE RIFFLE

8:20, and now we are 10,856 feet above the sea, and are looking down upon the Pacific slope, hence the waters go to the great ocean; those that we have left find their way to the Atlantic.

As we have two hours to Gunnison, this is the time to get ready one's flies. Call the porter, and he will put up a table, on which you may rest your arms and tie your leaders.

I have no mind to deal with any other than the true art of trout-catching—to take him with the fly. To fish with bait—worms, minnows, helgramites, and other crawling things—is beneath the dignity of the reader, not to say the writer, of this monologue.

Something of the penchant which these splendid fish have for flies may be accounted for by a fact which the experience of a fish-hatchery has reported.

Three tanks of trout were differently fed; the first with liver, the second with grubs and "sich-like bait," the third with flies. The trout in the second tank grew twice as fast as those in the first, while the fly-fed fish increased in weight five times faster. Nor is this fact at all astonishing. Think of the concentration of energy which operates a fly; how terse and strenuous must be the material of his make-up; what a powerful machine to propel itself scores of times its own length in a minute and lift its own weight with an ease as though it were imponderable; what extraordinary vigor of life to vibrate its wings hundreds of times in a second.

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Compare the terse condensation of the body of a fly with the limpid composition of a grub. How the one cracks and crushes under the nip of the finger, but the other squashes with a hopelessness of resistance which tells of a flabbiness of build; "nothing to him," as it were. It is no wonder that flies are the choice food of trout.

Still, when a fish has reached his growth and become a ten-pounder, let us say, we can well understand that it becomes his inclination to lie at the bottom of a pool and leisurely move in quest of something to eat rather than exert himself and display that alacrity which he must exercise to seize a fly which has touched for a moment the surface of the moving current.

It is undoubtedly true that most fish above four pounds are taken with bait; and it is also true that if the fisher's object be merely to catch fish, then he will, especially if the water be riled, succeed in his desire by fishing with minnows or other bait, rather than with fly.

They had a fishing club in one of the Middle States; the keeper and factotum of the club was "Old Sammy." Despite his healthful occupation, age grew on him, and, unable longer to "watch" the river, there was only one place for the lone old man—the County-house. Here, as the end was surely coming, the pastor of the church was asked to see him. To meet the Great Proprietor with a vast accumulation of debt is an ordeal that every wise man may well dread, and seek to prepare for. The man with the Gospel, trying to induce Sam to see the prime necessity of climbing the cliff to touch the place of blood, was leading him to admit his bankrupt condition, that he might claim mercy of Him whose "property it is to have mercy and to forgive." "Sammy, I expect you've done many things you wish you hadn't done; haven't you, now?" But Sammy was noncommittal. "Well, now," pursued his visitor, "if you had your life to live over again, wouldn't you do differently in some respects?" "Maybe I would," was the cautious rejoinder. "Well, now, suppose you had the chance of living all these years over again, in what particular would you do differently?" After a minute's silence, the old man, true to the ruling spirit, strong even in death, replied: "Well, if I had my life to live over again, I'd fish more with bait than with fly."

In spite of the strong food furnished by the insect world, there are trout that seem to be insatiable. One hot day, one of the neophytes of our party so far forgot his best fishing manners as to impale a live grasshopper upon a hook, and allow it to float down close to the bank. Just as it passed a stunted bush it was seized by a three-pound trout. With a satisfaction to be realized only by actual experience, the boy landed his prize. On cleaning the fish, we opened his stomach, which we found contained 184 grasshoppers, and I ventured the verdict of the group, that such a glutton deserved his fate!

It is for such reasons as these that these pages concern themselves alone with the highest reach of the fisher's art—fly-fishing.

To catch fish is only *one* of the ingredients of fishing. Many elements conspire to make perfect the trout-fisher's outing.

You must have an open country; to be ever surrounded by bushes and trees in which your flies are always catching is so vexatious as to mar your pleasure. Then the surroundings should be picturesque; this magnificent mountain scenery affords a setting to the day's enjoyment which greatly enhances its value. Then you want fine weather and bracing air; is there anywhere on earth such a climate as Colorado enjoys? The dry mountain air—no dews fall here—is crisp and exhilarating; you feel as if you breathed champagne and lived with a zest and energy nigh unto intoxication.

In the Canadian woods the hosts of Beelzebub come on, phalanx after phalanx, and bite and worry out of you the peace and gentleness which are the fisher's chief prerogatives, until all pleasure goes. If the mosquitoes are off duty, which is seldom indeed, the deer-flies are persistent with their penetrating bites; the "no-seeums," as the Indians well name a veritable and withal invisible pest, fill your hair, and in due time you

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THE EXIT OF A DITCH

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become aware of it; or the horse-flies afflict you, and those triangular, sturdy fellows who deftly find every hole in your mittens and probe down into your very constitution, leaving a tickling reminiscence of their adroitness which abides to your much disturbance.

Beelzebub has but few subjects on the Gunnison; during June and July certain marshy places yield their quota of mosquitoes, but you need not fish in those parts; and when the first of August comes there is usually a frost, and all the flies disappear as if some Moses had issued a general command. Flies in more senses than one have much to do with a fisherman's enjoyment, and demand consideration. And, in fine, to fill up the cup of satisfaction, no honest fisherman will hesitate to admit that his creature comforts must be provided for. To have a hotel ready at the end of the day, where the table is all that can be desired, where your fisher wants are understood and sympathetically supplied, where there is an abundant supply of splendid water and an as abundant supply of hot water always approaching the boil—these things are not to be despised; they fill the fisher's cup of satisfaction, and, full of gratitude, he lifts the bumper and gives thanks.

Here we are at the side of the stream; let us sit in this bed of wild mint and discourse of trout.

Four sorts people the Gunnison. "The natives," who were here "in the beginning," have only black spots; and, like the red man, they are disappearing before newer and more voracious life. "The Loch Leven trout" have a few representatives left; their forebears were imported some years ago by an enthusiastic Scotchman; they have red as well as black spots. "The Eastern trout" has a finer skin than the others; his spots are yellow and pink; what black he has, has run into lines which fringe his spots and form convolutions on his back. But "the Rainbow" is the prince of these mountain waters. He owes his picturesque name to a veritable glint of iridescence which his Inventor dashed upon his sides; all his spots are black. He lives and thrives in the rush of the torrent, and is therefore a strong and violent fish; he is a cannibal, of course, and often attains the dignity of ten or twelve pounds. These are the occupants of the river.

The feeding of the fish is to them a matter of supreme moment, and therefore of no secondary interest to the fisher, who must be *en rapport* with his quarry continuously.

Their movements must depend upon the presence of their food. Some days not a fish will rise. By dint of much perseverance a few may be taken, and, if their stomachs be examined, the secret of their absence from the surface may generally be disclosed. Sometimes they are distended with green moss, or even with grains of sand. Now, trout do not live on either moss or gravel; they are feeding on the eggs, or just-hatched larvæ, of flies which were attached to the filaments of the moss or the surface of the bits of sand. Sometimes the black helgramites, the larvæ of the "willow-fly"—or, as he is sometimes termed, the "trout-fly"—are their favorite food. It is on these black, shrimp-like creatures that the Gunnison trout live during the winter, and it is because this part of the world is so favorable for their production that the trout are so numerous and so well fed. The helgramite lives under the stones, knowing well the danger he runs by gadding about; you seldom see him unless you kick over a number of stones or leave an old gunny-sack in the water all night, and next morning you will have all the opportunity you want to study the antics of the helgramite.

There are callow fishers who practice this experience and bait their hooks with the refugees; but with such we are not on speaking terms!

The temperature of the water has doubtless not a little to do with the position of the fish. Trout must have a cool habitat. When the shallow waters of the Tomichi become warm in the valley, not a trout is to be seen; they have all gone up-stream, to find cooler residence. Sometimes, as winter draws on, the water becomes too cold; then the trout leave the ripples and congregate

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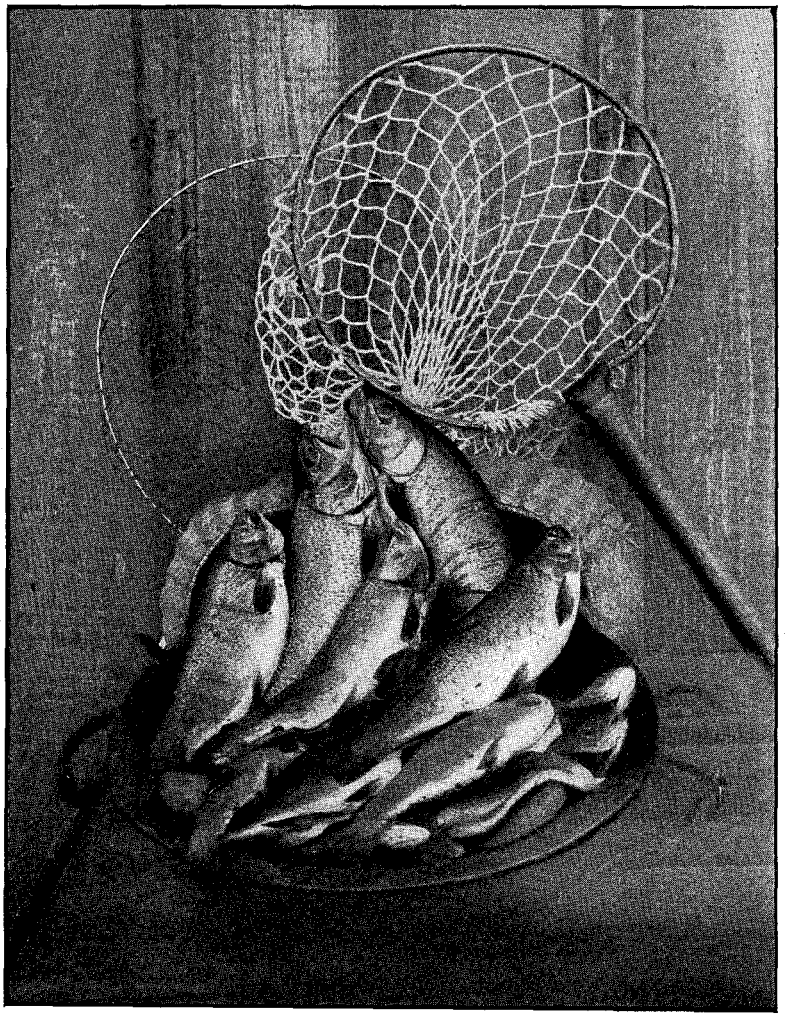
in the deep pools. Here the water is less frigid and here they winter.

It is one of the most extraordinary things in this extraordinary world that water should be the sole exception to the otherwise universal law that all cooling bodies contract and therefore increase in density. Water obeys the law just as long as it is safe, and then, *mirabile dictu*, disowns the mandate of the popular god Evolution, laughs at any mechanical theory of creation, and declares to the wayfaring man that "by Him all things consist"—by Him, a supreme Intelligence, after whose stupendous mind our minds are in their measure fashioned.



THE MAGNATES OF THE CATCH

Water contracts as its temperature falls, and therefore becomes heavier and sinks until it reaches 39°. At this temperature water is the heaviest; this is the point of its maximum density; from this point it begins to expand. Therefore in winter, although the surface may be freezing, at a temperature of 32°, the water at the bottom of the pool is six or seven degrees warmer.

Suppose that water, like everything else, had gone on contracting as it cooled, until it reached the freezing point; the heaviest water would have sunk to the lowest place, and there become ice. Although it is true that eight pints of water become nine pints of ice, and

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therefore icebergs float, showing above the surface an eighth of their bulk, still, had the water when at the bottom turned into ice, the stones would have locked it in their interstices and held it there, and before the winter was over the whole pool would become solid ice and all the poor fish would be entombed in clear, beautiful crystal; and fishing in the Gunnison would be at an end!

The contemplative fisher "sees the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep," for "the works of the Lord are great; sought out of all them that have pleasure therein."

It is in directions such as these that we must seek for the solution of that most perplexing of all fishing problems; why is it that suddenly, all along ten miles of the stream, the fish will begin to rise, as if some dinner-bell had rung and some Neptune had summoned the finny tribe to feast, and then, as suddenly, it may be in half an hour, they cease and take an imperturbable siesta?

The answer must be that the moment of their activity marked the sudden arrival on the surface of the stream of a generation of flies.

It is far beyond the ken of any man even to conceive the subtle mechanism which causes upon the same day, over a wide area of country, the same flowers to open. It is not an effect of temperature, for they come in generations. If it were temperature, all the floral beauties would "come out" at once; each class must have its own delicate mechanism, which is so adjusted as to spread the petals all exactly at the same time.

It is evidently so in the world of insect life. How suddenly will a cloud of gnats appear, or as suddenly a swarm of mosquitoes! It is perfectly within comprehension that the eggs laid by yesterday's generation hatch at a certain moment. Because the life and times of an insect are bounded by one circle of the sun, it is not to be presumed that with them, any more than with us, animals of longer life, their "times and seasons" are not of measured certainty. Seconds to them are as effective as are days and weeks with us; with them "there is a time to be born and a time to die," as with us; and this "time to be born," when it occurs at an opportune hour of the day, issues into life a whole generation of insects which appear on the surface of the stream and tempt the trout, which all begin to rise to the advantage. This must be the *raison d'être* of the phenomenon; the movements of the fish must be regulated by the presence or absence of their food.

And now I would discharge my conscience. How often does the gentle amateur, excited by the wriggling of the new-caught fish, cry horror at the cruelty of such sport!

We are all apt to argue from our own point of view. The sharp barbed hook, extricated with no little force from the mouth of the fish, suggests the desperate pain the same operation would cause to us. It is to allay, or at least to modify, this sentiment that I venture thus:

As fundamental as the law of gravitation, and in some senses akin to it, is the law of vicarious sacrifice. The French philosopher was not far afield when he said that the natural history of this world could be summed up in conjugating two tenses of the verb "to eat:"

I eat,
Thou eatest,
He eats,
We eat,
You eat,
They eat.

I am eaten,
Thou art eaten,
He is eaten,
We are eaten,
You are eaten,
They are eaten.

Death in the animal world is essential to life; the living generation exists upon the bodies of its predecessors. The graminivorous consume living plants, the carnivorous eat living creatures.

That nature is "red in tooth and claw" is not the dire result of that anarchy which found its way into the human race, which we call sin, is evident from the fact that the law makes itself known, by the teeth of fossils, throughout all the vast stretches of geological time, long before the arrival of man upon the scene. The law of vicarious sacrifice, that one lives for the other's

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good, and one dies for the other's life, is a law fundamental to the order of our creation.

It is useless for us to ask, Why is it necessary for death to be an ingredient of life? Why should toil and pressure and pain and suffering be the constant accompaniments of earthly existence? Why should the innocent suffer for the guilty, and the sins of the fathers be visited upon the children? We must wait until we have a wider survey of the kingdom of life before we can even guess at the solution. That there is a solution no sane man for a moment doubts. There must be some dire necessity for the existence of the law, and yet it would be a terrible indictment of the goodness of God if there were no palliations to blunt the edge of its apparently cruel working. "There hath no temptation taken you," wrote Paul, "but such as man can bear: but God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will with the temptation make also the way of escape, that ye may be able to endure it."

Where is "the way of escape" for the kindly fisher from the charge of cruelty?—and for the fish?

It is evident that a compensation is decreed to the victims of this law of vicarious sacrifice in the fact that they do not feel pain during the process of necessary death.

Look how quietly the mouse hangs in the mouth of the cat; you may say it is hypnotized by fear, but it makes no struggle and it is clearly in neither discomfort nor pain.

The hypnotist will tell you, and demonstrate his assertion by examples, that it is not the body that feels, but the mind; and if it be possible so to divert the mind that it is elsewhere engaged than thinking of the injury the body is suffering, the patient will not be conscious of pain.

Soldiers in the terrific excitement of battle often receive flesh wounds of which they are unconscious until the battle is over. Pins may be thrust into the body of a hypnotized subject, or even surgical operations performed, without any consciousness of pain.

Instances by the dozen are on record of men being seized by beasts of prey and not being sensibly affected.

Here is an incident within my own knowledge:

When a tiger grows old and is no longer equal to getting his living in the jungle, he prowls about a village, picking up a cow or a man or a child without much effort. The villagers become terrorized by the "man-eater," as he then is called, and if they can they send to the nearest post of a British regiment and implore one of the officers to come and rid them of their enemy.

I knew a Major Shepherd who undertook this act of mercy. The tiger had killed a cow the night before his arrival at the village, and, as is their way, the villagers extemporized a platform in a tree, within sight of the uneaten half of the cow, on which the tiger proposed to have his next night's meal.

The tiger duly appeared; the Major fired; evidently badly wounded, the beast sprang sideways behind some rocks, and there was silence for so long a time that the Major descended from his perch and went to the rocks to look for the dead tiger. He was there, but not dead. He sprang upon his assailant, knocked him down, seized him by his shoulder, breaking all the bones in that neighborhood, and walked off with him. After a few yards, not having his adversary well balanced, he dropped him and took a hold nearer the middle of his body, and again made off towards the jungle. But it was the last effort of his life, and, after carrying my friend one hundred and fifty yards, the tiger dropped dead.

The Major's arm, of course, was useless. He came to London to have the bones rebroken and reset. He dined with me a few days after his arrival. I then gathered the important piece of information that from the moment the tiger seized him he not only felt no pain, but his mind was so free from fear that the only thought he had was the curious and almost trivial one, "I wondered at which end he would begin to eat me."

Livingstone records a similar experience with a lion.

The strugglings of the fish in your

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landing-net are the natural floppings of a fish out of water, but they need not indicate pain; at most they describe discomfort, and it is not at all beyond the range of probability that they may even emulate those wrigglings with which the human boy is wont to express his intense pleasure.

At this the reader laughs outright. But we may venture from analogy to suppose the fish in air has something of the same sensation as the man in water. On all hands it is allowed that drowning is a pleasant death, and there are instances on record when the saved resented being brought back again to this sorry life and deprived of the charming sensation they were experiencing.

That fish do not feel the hook in our sense of feeling may well be deduced from numerous observations.

Fishing in Goose Creek one day, I saw a half-pound trout on the further side of the stream earning his breakfast. I cast above him, and as my fly floated towards him he rose and I struck too strongly; my slight leader parted near the line. All unconcerned, he went back to his station and proceeded with his breakfast. I sat behind a bush watching him and wondering if he were going to take the flies I was preparing, and if so whether I could recover that which he had in his mouth, which I could see glinting far down the stream in his wake. In due time I was ready again; again I cast above him; and again he took my "coachman"—but here the parallel ended; the gut did not break, and I landed him and recovered my too fragile leader.

In final and conclusive evidence that the presence of a hook in a fish's mouth, though it may be an uncomfortable and unusual sensation, has nothing of pain about it, let me cite the experiences of an Irish squire who noted the happenings of a sportsman's life in a volume I read in the private car of an Eastern railway magnate as we were crossing these very mountains.

A bishop was about to visit the mansion, so the master took his rod to find some fish for his lordship's dinner. At the mouth of a stream which entered the lake he saw a pike waiting for what the gods might send him. A frog which concealed a hook came down the stream; the pike gulped down the frog and the hook. The natural consequence followed; might was right, and the pike found himself forcibly dragged from his home and landed on the bank, where he gnashed with his teeth at his hapless fate. But the squire had the day before him, and as he was certain that the bishop would have fish enough and to spare, he unhooked the pike and threw him back. As if nothing had happened, the fish betook himself again to his position in the middle of the stream and waited events. Presently a frog, again concealing a hook, came down his way; he seized the frog, the squire seized him, landed him as before; and threw him back. This proceeding was repeated four times. At the fourth landing the squire felt that a fish who was so persistently and laudably determined to go into the House of Lords ought to be encouraged, so he put the pike in his basket and presented him.

Now, for our purposes it is sufficient to remark that it is beyond belief that if that pike's mouth had been sore by the frequent extraction of a big hook, he would never have behaved as if nothing had happened. His sangfroid declares unequivocally that he was in no sense hurt.

So let it not be imagined that the floppings and wrigglings and twistings of the trout, as you are loosening from his lip your small No. 10, indicate that he is in mortal pain; it may be—and probably is—that you are the cause to him of actual delight, the creator of twofold pleasure—some to him and some to yourself.

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The Great Horned Owl

By J. M. Gleeson

With Drawings by the Author

"WHAT is the matter with your friend the owl?" asked the man of his companion in the bow of the birch canoe; "he seems to be in trouble."

"Oh," cried the lady, "I do believe he is drowning! Let us hurry over and see."

"I see what is the matter," answered the man, laughing, as he swung the canoe around, and they glided over to where there was a great commotion in the water; "he has tackled more than he bargained for this time, and is hooked on to a gull."

There was little fight left in the owl as the man reached over, and, seizing him under one wing, dragged him and, with him, a dead gray gull into the canoe.

They saw, as they examined them, how neatly the owl gives the *coup de*

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grace to his victims—one chopping blow of the great hooked bill through the skull, then the top of the head is torn off, and the feast is ready. But this time the quarry was heavy, and pulled him into the water, and he had been unable to extricate his thin, curved, steel-like talons, his dry plumage was soon water-soaked, and he would have met an inglorious fate had not the campers arrived in the nick of time to effect his rescue.

"I should like a picture of him just as he is now," said the lady. The man laughed, and said it seemed rather a low-down trick to perpetuate him shorn of all his glory; but he ran the canoe over to a strip of sandy beach, and, having detached the gull, the lady held up the half-drowned owl, and the man squared things by taking them both.

They were obliged to be quick about it, for the owl began to show signs of returning strength and courage, and those fierce claws and the powerful beak are not designed as a lady's plaything. They tied him up in a sweater and paddled across the lake to their camp, where they warmed and dried him by the fire and offered him food, which he fiercely scorned. As soon as he was revived the man got out his paint-box, and was soon busily engaged painting his portrait, while the lady was occupied with her own affairs about the camp. Suddenly there was a rush and a snap, and off soared the owl through the trees, trailing behind him a long string by which he had been fastened. The campers laughed, for they had no desire to keep him prisoner, much preferring to watch him attending to his hunting, and, above all, to hear in the silence of the night his great hoot-toot-toot-oo.

They had first made his acquaintance in the early spring, immediately after their arrival in the woods, and in a peculiar manner. Game was scarce at the time, and the larder very low, though the man hunted industriously. On one occasion he had been out some hours, creeping along the shore or going back into the bush in the hope of putting up a grouse or hare. On coming back quietly to the water's edge he spied a solitary duck dining busily among the reeds. It was beyond the range of the shotgun he carried, but he was anxious to get it, so he stripped, and, sheltered by a fallen tree that projected into the lake, he lowered himself softly into the cold water, and, stooping until only his head and gun were visible, he made his way stealthily towards the duck. It was a cold stalk, and when at last the bird took alarm and rose, he let go both barrels and dropped it. He sprang forward to pick it up, when a dark figure fell noiselessly out of the sky, swooped up the duck, and flew rapidly away, leaving the shivering and chagrined hunter to splash angrily back to land. Having donned his garments, his humor changed, and he laughed, saying, "Oh, well, it's all right. We were both hunting, and the owl won, and the incident was well worth the price."

"I think," said the man a few days after the duck incident, "that my robber must have a nest by that tall red pine we can see from the water. While sketching to-day I heard the crows making a tremendous row over there, and presently I saw them mobbing the old fellow; we shall try to-morrow to find it."

"And that reminds me," said the lady; "several times at night, when I chanced to be awake, I have heard the crows making queer, alarmed cries, quite unlike their usual cawing. I wondered if the owl had not disturbed them."

"I have no doubt," answered the man, "that he may do so. Being able to see so much better than they, he has them at a disadvantage and could easily pick one off his perch."

So the next morning they went "a bird's-nesting," as they laughingly said.

It was not pleasant going into the bush those days; for the teeming insect life filled the dark shadows, making life unhappy for everything that moved. They had their faces and hands thickly anointed with a rich brown varnish that somewhat protected them and gave them the appearance of Indians.

They made their way laboriously through the thick undergrowth, climbing over and under the numerous windfalls, slipping on the treacherous skin-moss or sinking to their knees in the soggy earth.

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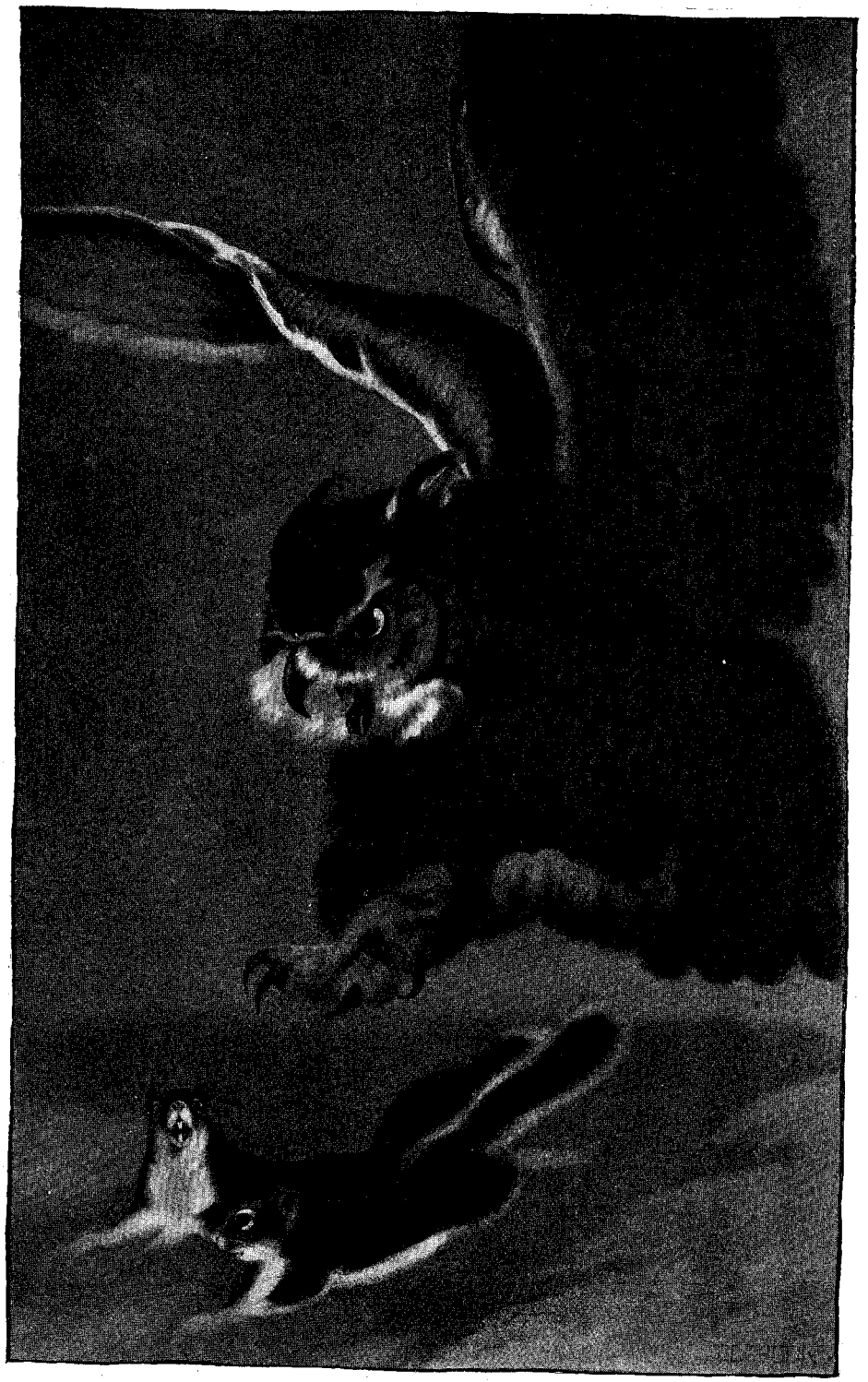

THE SQUIRRELS' ENEMY

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"Look at that beautiful tree," said the lady, pointing to a splendid yellow birch that was richly bedecked with long, curling, amber-colored ribbons of loose bark. The man looked up and said quickly, "Yes, and there is our robber's nest." And so it was. They had stumbled upon the object of their search.

THE GREAT HORNED OWL'S NEST

About thirty feet from the ground was a great dark mass of dried sticks which they knew was the nest they were seeking; and as they looked up at it a great square head, surmounted by two horn-like, feathery tufts, peered over the edge and gazed solemnly down at them. After a few moments' staring it opened its mouth and hissed at them, and ended by clattering its bill savagely, opening and closing its eyes rapidly at the same time. "Now he is mad," said the man; "it's my turn now," and started at once to climb the tree. The owl hissed and clattered at him, ruffling his feathers until he was twice his natural size; but as the man swung himself up on the limb that supported the nest, he flew away.

"Whew! how it smells!" said the man, as he looked over the edge of the nest. "Two young ones," he cried, "large enough to leave the nest; ugly little beggars, all head and eyes. My! one of them is savage; look!" he held it up for his companion to see.

"What is the nest like?" she asked; he examined it carefully.

"The sticks are well woven together, though they look loose, and the nest is well constructed. There is some coarse grass inside, yes, and some feathers—crows' feathers. You were right, they do kill the crows, for here is the head of one, also a piece of fish. This little chap wants to eat me; the other takes no notice, so I think he will make a good pet. I shall take him home." So he took off his sweater, put the little fellow into it, slung it over his back, and climbed down; he then made a careful drawing of the nest and tree, after which, well satisfied with the hunt, they returned to camp, where they built a pen for the young owl.

They had no end of fun with him. He soon learned to sit on his perch and take meat from their hands. When teased, he was the most absurd thing imaginable. Sometimes, as he sat on his perch, they held a piece of meat just beyond his reach. He would stretch his neck and lean over until he lost his balance, tumbling off, when he

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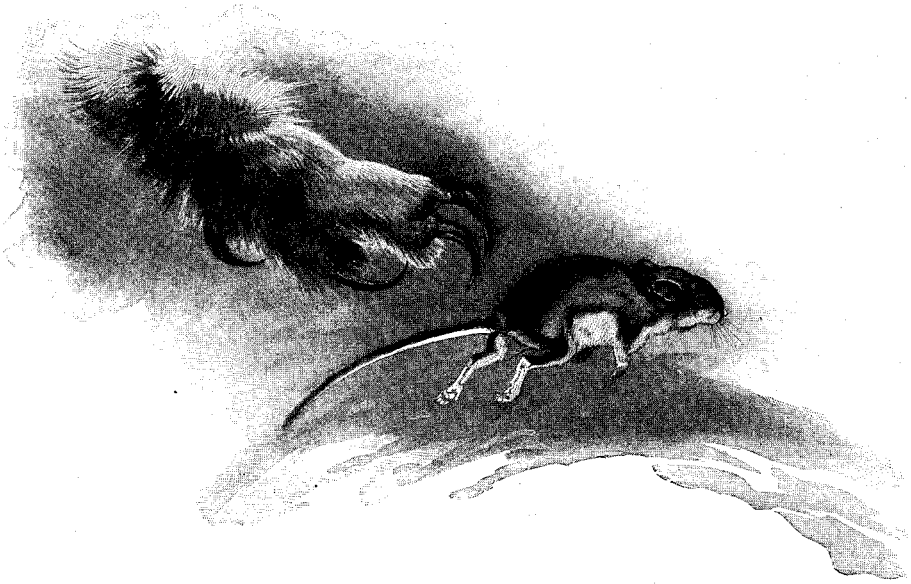
would hop to the farthest corner of his pen and stand with his back turned, exactly like a sulky child.

"Hadn't you better paint him?" the lady frequently said; but the man was very busy just then and always answered, "To-morrow, perhaps," or "He will be more interesting in a little while;" and one morning, when they went to feed him, the pen was empty, and a hole under the wall showed where he had been carried off; and the lady looked "I told you so," but said nothing, for in the woods one becomes silent and very patient.

After that they saw the old owl, followed by the young one, but they kept well out of reach. The young one was probably being educated in the ways of the world, but of course the campers could not know about that, for their experience had been that the wild creatures do nothing unusual in the presence of man. And they are always aware of his presence, for man, Indian or white, cannot move silently through the bush.

When spring turned into summer, they saw the old fellow—or old lady, they never knew which—once more pursuing its solitary ways.

He began his hunting about three in the afternoon, emerging from the depths of the woods as silently as his shadow and sailing rapidly over the lake. Sometimes he rose high in the air, circling rapidly about. His flight was as strong and free as that of the eagle, and a slight inclination of wing or tail sufficed to change his course completely. Sometimes he swooped down to meet his dark reflection in the water. Nothing escaped his observation, and he found food everywhere. He was perfectly familiar with the sight of the lonely camp and its occupants paddling about in their little canoe. Occasionally he visited the camp at night, after the fire had burned down and the tent flaps were closed. At first it was good hunting there, and he generally found a bunch of partridges or a brace of ducks hanging from a tree beside the tent. Sometimes, as the campers lay on their balsam bed looking at the checkered pattern of reflected leaves on the canvas roof of the tent, they saw a great soft shadow pass silently overhead, and they knew the owl was around. They never ceased to wonder at his marvelous construction. When they had him a prisoner, they had examined his wings with the greatest curiosity. The broad feathers were like the richest velvet, and in them they found a fine white sachet-like powder that made them still more noiseless. The feathers at the junction of the wings and tail and covering the strong legs to the base of the talons



THE MOUSE'S FATE GLEESON.

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were soft as down. A moose or deer, with broad, spreading, horny antlers, can move quietly through the woods; that is the result of skill in woodcraft; but the owl was created to move as silently as his own shadow.

Once in the evening the campers were watching a soft-coated little gray wood-mouse nosing about among some loose stones on the beach. Could it be possible that those tiny pink, flower-like feet made any noise whatever? or did the lamp-like eyes of the owl search out that little form similar in color to the stones that surrounded it? Be that as it may, quicker than a shooting star down flashed the noiseless destroyer. The mouse had just time to utter one shrill squeak of terror and bounded into the outstretched talons and was borne quickly away.

Another time they were having much amusement watching a foraging red squirrel. It is the general impression that this lively little chap retires with the sun, but he does not always do so. One little fellow waited every night until all was still in the tent, when he climbed on the roof and ran mad races up and down the sloping sides, his little feet pattering and scratching on the tight canvas. On this occasion night had closed in, but the full moon made the sandy beach almost as bright as day. The squirrel had found a discarded cream can, and as he was examining it another one appeared. They are very selfish little creatures, and they at once entered into noisy dispute over its possession. Finally the first one drove the other away, and then, without wasting any more time, he boldly plunged his head and the greater part of his body into the can. For a few moments he enjoyed in peace the yellow sticky substance on the bottom, only his quivering plume-like tail and stout little haunches being visible, when the other one, returning, smote him treacherously from behind. The can yielded to his onslaught and rolled down an embankment on to the beach, whirling its surprised occupant along with it. When he emerged, furious and sticky, he gave instant battle, and they rolled over and over, an indistinguishable little bunch of red and white fur and flying débris. Suddenly, quicker than words can tell it, without the faintest warning, a black shadow fell like an avalanche upon them. With terrified shrieks they sped like flashes of light to escape the rushing doom. One of them gained a fissure in a neighboring stump, but long before he was out of sight the other one had been snapped up and borne swiftly and silently away through the dark trees.

And after a while, when the fire had burned down, the man turned the canoe over on the beach. His wife lighted a candle in the tent, which made it glow like an immense firefly against the black background of trees. The moon threw a path of silver across the polished surface of the lake, and a great hush enveloped the wilderness. The low voices of the campers had ceased, and all the world seemed to settle itself to sleep, when out of the dark depths of the night came the solemn, weird, trumpeting hoot-toot-too-oo; and that night no little squirrel scampered merrily over the quiet tent.

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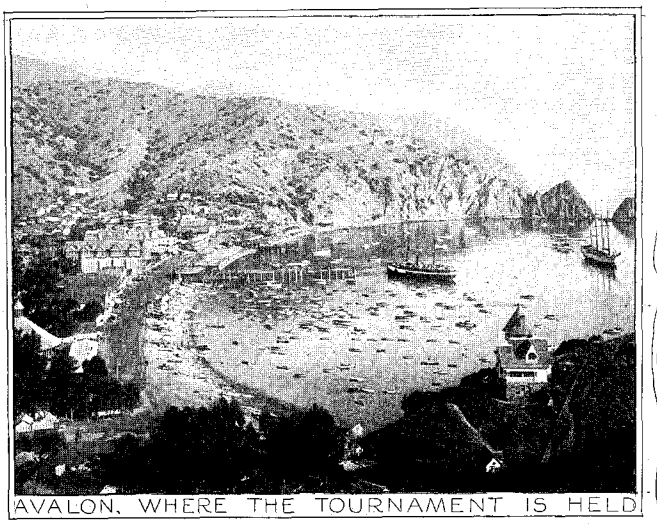

AVALON, WHERE THE TOURNAMENT IS HELD

AN ANGLERS' TOURNAMENT

BY C. F. HOLDER

ZIP-ZEEE! a bending rod, the hissing of the line, a suppressed shout, and the sport is on; a thirty-odd pound yellowtail at one end, a fair angler at the other, two hundred feet of line whisked from the groaning reel; rushes up and down, a flash of silver against the green, zeee-zeee! "Stand back; keep that boat off; look out!" and the splendid fish comes rushing in to turn and dart out again. Was there ever such sport, such suppressed excitement? You think not, as here is a fish the size of a salmon, with five times its strength and spirit, and much more courage and staying powers; and as the fish is brought to the boat after twenty minutes' play the angler is cheered to the echo.

A singular thing has happened in California. The fishing season of 1903, instead of ending in December, kept on into 1904, and the Bay of Avalon was filled in January with sardines, and yellowtail—the salmon of Southern California—were caught, affording splendid sport to strangers on the coast. The sea angling season here usually begins in March or April, and interest at Santa Catalina Island centers in the angling tournament given by the Tuna Club. Exactly how many anglers contest in this event is not known, but one hundred thousand people visited the place last year, and nearly every one goes fishing. To meet this demand there is a fleet of launches, designed for the purpose, and a corps of skilled boatmen. The Tuna Club, composed of members from all over the country, gives an annual tournament, its object being to encourage sportsmanlike sport; and as a result, rod fishing alone is the rule, and all the game fishes are taken with rod and reel, and the lightest lines; a hand-liner would be laughed at; yet few will believe who have not seen it that fishes weighing from 250 to 425 pounds can be taken on such tackle.

The moment one lands at Avalon, fifty miles from Los Angeles over a summer sea, the excitement begins. There are boatmen who line up like hack-drivers; a row of stands upon

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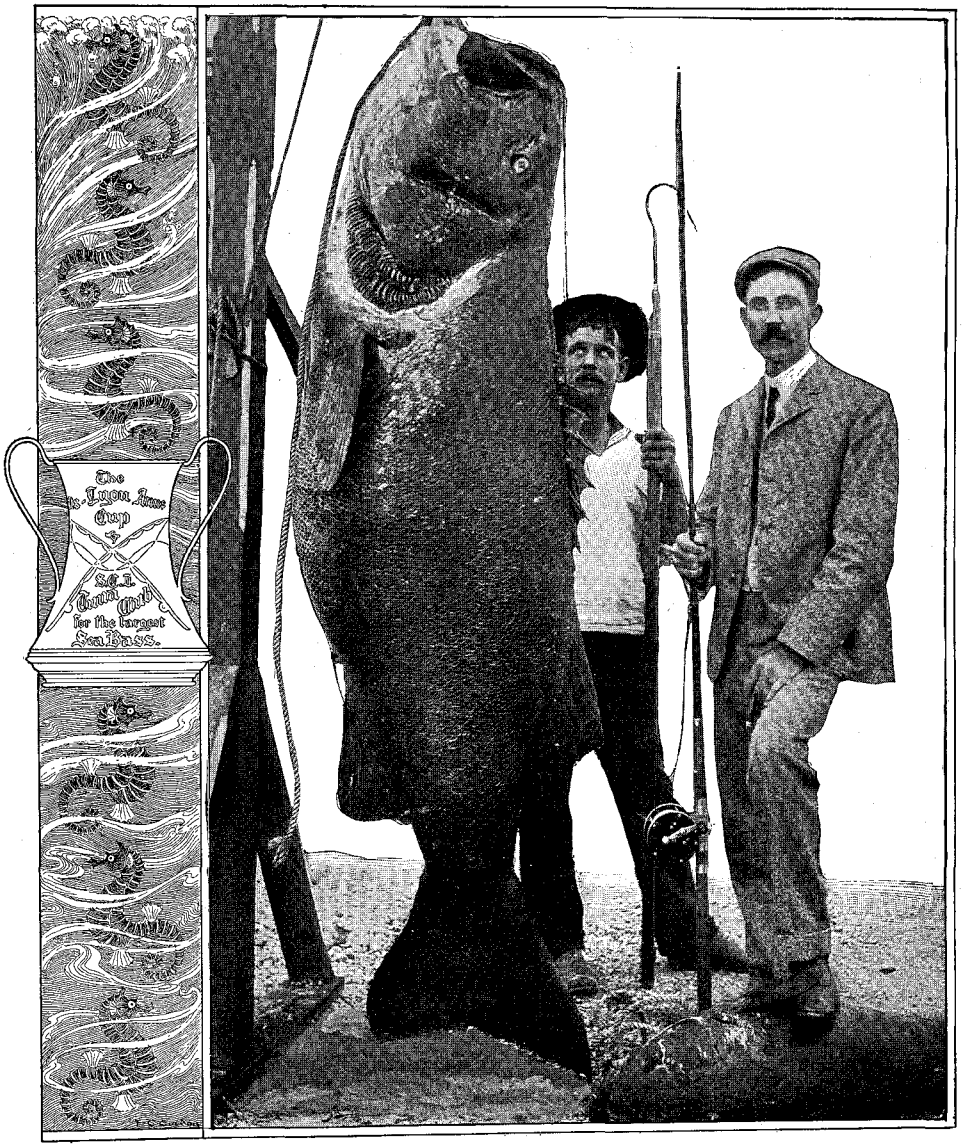
which are hung fishes of preposterous size—yellowtail, thirty and more pounds, splendid creatures in silver and gold; albacores in blue and silver, thirty or forty pounds; white sea bass, forty or fifty pounds—all taken with rod and reel; not only this, you confront a black sea bass taller perhaps than yourself, and as large around as a horse. A score of men have hauled at the rope to swing it up, and the weight, testified to by a committee of the club, is 425 pounds. That athletic young man, named Llewellyn, yonder in the center of a group of men, is telling exactly how it happened and how many hours it took. The people gather about him as though he were a hero, and he *is* in the field of angling, as he holds the rod record for the largest fish in the world. And the tackle? He holds it in his hands—a sixteen-ounce rod, a Vom Hofe reel holding six hundred feet of number twenty-one thread line, not much larger than you use for your eye-glass cord; yet he played and landed the giant with



BLACK SEA BASS, WEIGHT 363 POUNDS, KILLED BY A. C. ABBOTT, AUGUST 6, 1902

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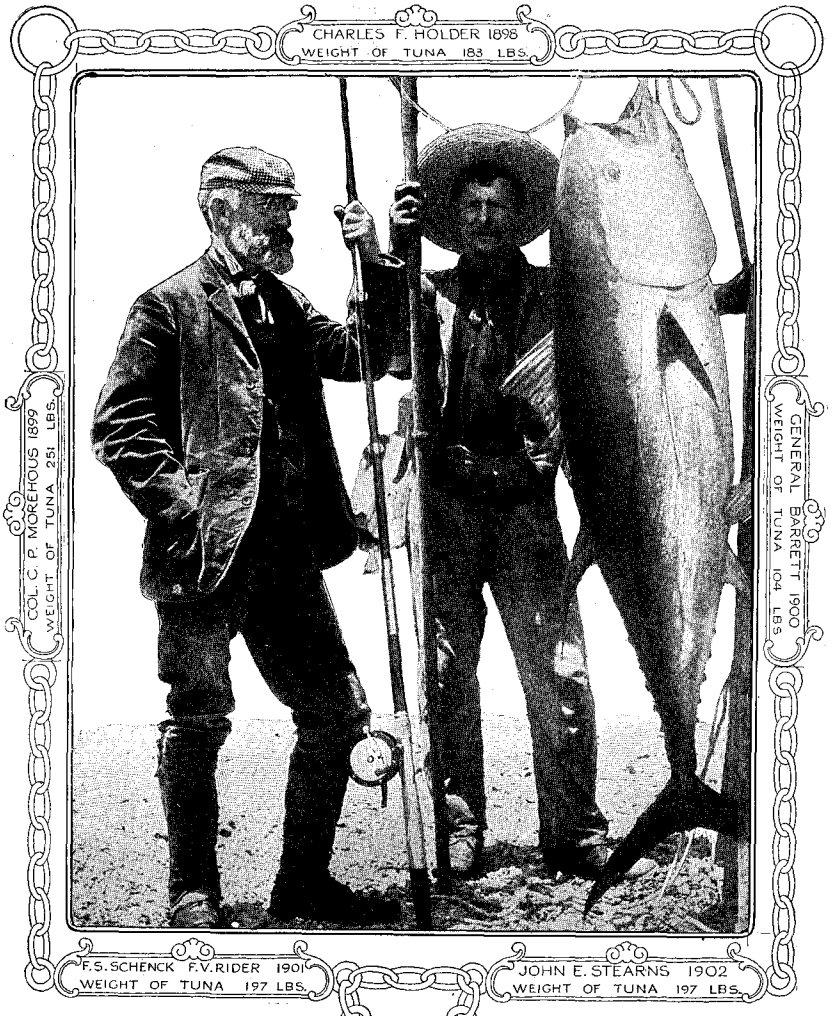
CHARLES F. HOLDER 1898
WEIGHT OF TUNA 183 LBS.
COL. C. P. MOREHOUS 1899
WEIGHT OF TUNA 251 LBS.
GENERAL BARRETT 1900
WEIGHT OF TUNA 104 LBS.
F.S. SCHENCK F.V. RIDER 1901
WEIGHT OF TUNA 197 LBS.
JOHN E. STEARNS 1902
WEIGHT OF TUNA 197 LBS.

C. F. HOLDER
Who introduced tuna fishing at Avalon.

THE FIRST LARGE TUNA
Caught with light tackle.

ease. He is famous, and the anglers from Catalina to the Frith of Forth will know it; how many hours it took, how many medals he won, how many silver cups his name was engraved upon for the catch, and all the rest. But there are such a number of these angling notorieties here that even the skeptic is convinced. Here is the man who took the record tuna, 251 pounds of animation, a fish that generally fights to the very end, and comes up either dead or dies at the gaff. Four hours this champion played his fish, which towed him ten or more miles into the night, and was brought in only after the greatest struggle on record. Others have played fishes from four to fourteen hours and lost them. In the crowd you may see a man from Grand Rapids. He wears a little blue button and is the holder of the white sea-bass record—a sixty-pound fish—with the rod (all rod), fishing with the smallest line, all for sport and to educate the public, to give these splendid fishes more than half a chance. Sixteen-thread lines for yellowtail and white sea bass up to fifty pounds; twenty-one

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thread for four-hundred-pounders, is what they say, and the slightest mistake on the part of the angler with such tackle means a lost fish.

The rules of the tournament, which is open to all anglers, are that the rod must be used, and light lines, and the big fish brought in unaided to the gaffer. There are a dozen classes: tuna (251 pounds record), black sea bass (425 pounds), white sea bass (50 pounds), albacore (60 pounds), whitefish (30 pounds), and several more. Handsome prizes, consisting of silver-mounted rods, silver reels, gaffs, and other fishing paraphernalia, are offered. The boatmen are not forgotten, prizes being offered for the best-equipped boat of various horse-power. The tuna-fishing comes in June and July, and attracts great attention. The adventures of the anglers would fill a book. Some have been towed thirty miles; others have played a fish all night and lost it; why, can be realized when it is known that a tuna exhibited at the Buffalo Exhibition weighed, when alive, 1,500 pounds. Such a fish may have been hooked. The writer landed the first large fish taken (183 lbs.), after a play of four hours, during which the fish towed the boat ten miles, the last run being nearly four miles home to the Bay of Avalon, where it was gaffed. Another fish capsized the writer's boat and threw the occupants into the water a mile offshore, forcing them to swim; but the boatman took the tuna with him, the fish several times jerking him under water, and towed it to the launch and saved it. Another tuna leaped over a fishing-boat in which an angler sat.

The black sea bass is a more ponderous game, not towing boats for so long a time, yet putting up a desperate struggle and displaying an amount of strength that often wears out the angler. An interesting feature of this fishing tournament is the perfectly equipped boats. They are about eighteen feet in length, with an eight horse-power engine, perfectly seaworthy, and with curious hoods for rough weather, though this is rarely seen at Santa Catalina. The two anglers sit side by side in the stern, facing it, in comfortable cushioned chairs, a rod-cap, or rest, being between the legs. Behind the angler stands the gaffer, who is also baiter, engineer, and helmsman. In this well-appointed craft you steam along at about three miles an hour, trolling with sixty feet of line out, skirting the lofty rocky cliffs of the island in water like turquoise, and where is seldom a breeze to more than break the surface. The tuna ground, the only place in the world where the tuna has been taken with a rod, is four miles in extent, a beautiful stretch of water in the lee, protected by mountains. Along this fishes' highway schools of splendid yellowtail play, and here the tuna comes rushing in, sending the flying-fishes into the air like birds. Then comes the zeee-zeee of the reel, the whipping of the rod, the shutting off of the engine, and the push astern in the hope of getting sternway before the end of the line is reached. If this cannot be accomplished, the end soon comes; but if the boatman understands his business, the boat is sent astern, and in ten minutes the tuna is towing her—the beginning of a long struggle. Then follow the rush, in and out, the vicious plunges, the charges, bull-like, the rushes away, the wild flurries, followed by a run perhaps of miles, testing men's hearts and muscles. Some men will follow game through a morass for hours, or over a snow barren where death stares them in the face, or into some tropical jungle in search of large and dangerous game. Such hunters like tuna and black sea bass and swordfish fishing.

If a different game is desired, the launch is turned offshore for a mile, where a cousin of the tuna runs—the albacore, ranging from fifteen to one hundred pounds, a splendid, gamy fish, that gives the angler delightful sport when the tackle is proportionate to the fish, which it is in these contests; or perhaps lighter game may be in view, and the launch is run inshore in the glass-like bays and tied up to the kelp, where sheepshead (14-pounders) and whitefish (7 and 8) make excellent sport, rod and line breakers for the inexperienced.

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My Dog Grouse

By W. E. D. Scott

With a Drawing by Bruce Horsfall

THIS is the story of a dog, one who traveled in many lands; who made many friends and some enemies; whose home was the place where his master was. Some of the vicissitudes, some of the adventures, some of the fortunes that befell him will be related for the benefit of other dogs and men. He was born of distinguished ancestry, and perhaps his early impressions gathered 'neath the shades of a great seat of learning aided in developing his character.

Grouse was a red setter of the type that was bred thirty years ago. In form and color he was so exceptional as to excite comment wherever he appeared. I remember, when visiting Colorado Springs, that "H. H." exclaimed, when she saw him, "Oh, he has Titian hair!" His eyes matched his hair in color; their size, accentuated by the deeper shade of the almost black edges of the eyelids, expressed a singular intelligence and interest in whatever was going on about him. His love for everything out-of-doors was marvelous, and he seemed equally at home in the swamps and marshes of Florida or in the deserts of the Southwest; but his overpowering love was for his intimate friends, and his master was his god.

Some episodes which are characteristic of his point of view I shall attempt to set forth in the following pages; and you shall learn as well of other members of the family who were permitted to share his companionship. These stories are taken at random, and selected from a host of others in an endeavor to portray as far as possible his character.

Obstinacy seems on occasions almost inseparable from that higher attribute, singleness of purpose. Of all the dogs that I have trained, and they are many, those that have been obstinate have, without exception, proved, in the long run, to be not only the most obedient but the most faithful. It is difficult to establish a true relationship of confidence between man and a timid or nervous animal. To invent punishments that shall not accentuate these qualities in the individual is almost impossible, and a cowed dog is not only a standing disgrace to an owner, but also a miserable object.

Grouse had many failings in his puppyhood, but timidity or nervousness was not among them. I have told in a former story that he was gun-shy; he was also singularly willful; he always wanted to do things his own way. But as soon as he found in his education that he was largely responsible himself for all the ills that befell him in the way of discipline, he rapidly overcame his various faults. After a puppy has been thoroughly made to understand what the words "come here" mean, and never fails to obey in an instant the command; when he finds that the hand to which he comes voluntarily has no malign purpose—when this one idea is perfectly seated in his mind, I think it may be said that the relation of confidence between the dog and his master is fairly established. There must be no hesitation, no delays, but prompt acquiescence. I find this the most difficult part of the dog education, and never attempt anything further in the way of teaching until this one thing is thoroughly accomplished.

But the battle is not won by any means even then, and while I believe no command should be given unless the master realizes what he is doing, yet the best of us are impulsive. After I had taught Grouse to fetch, for instance, it seemed quite natural that I should like him to display his accomplishments under many different circumstances and conditions. One day I met a celebrated trainer in the streets of Princeton, and, my puppy being with me, his attention was attracted to the dog. He asked me how far I had proceeded in training and breaking him, and I told him that he would retrieve and come to me, at the

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same time throwing a glove into the street where horses and wagons were passing and other dogs playing. Little did I dream that it would take me two hours in the main street in the village to make him do what he had done hundreds of times when we were alone together, both in doors and out. Such, however, was the case, and perhaps the discipline was as good for the man as for the dog. Success at last crowned my efforts, and I never knew the dog to refuse to fetch afterwards. I have seen him retrieve a ten-cent silver piece from a polished floor, where the difficulty of getting hold of it with his teeth or lips required great effort on his part. He would bring a tiny piece of raw meat, when commanded to do so, just as readily. I have thrown a quarter into a field deep in grass, during an evening walk, and brought the dog the next day to find and retrieve it; and the money was never lost, for his keen smell and perseverance in fetching were always rewarded.

Grouse loved play. Nothing pleased him more than hide and seek, and he entered fully into the zest and humor of the sport. One of us would hide behind a curtain in the room, and though our feet or head were plainly visible, Grouse always pretended to have great difficulty at first in finding us. He would go all about the room sniffing and looking, and at last, after a somewhat prolonged search, would make his discovery, when, with all possible signs of pleasure, including low barks and much tail-wagging, he would signify his satisfaction. This might be repeated over and over again for a whole hour at a time, and never seemed to pall.

Another game I really never understood. One day I happened to rap with my knuckles on the floor to attract his attention, when he came towards me with all signs of excitement; for a moment I was almost afraid he would seize me. Then he began a digging motion with his front paws where I had knocked on the floor, and as this point happened to be covered with a rug, he speedily rolled that article into a ball, and, still keeping up his curious antics, turned it over and over until he reached one side of the room, where the wall stopped him. I immediately tried the experiment again at another point, with the same result, and he seemed fairly frantic in his enjoyment of the newly discovered amusement. Moreover, it never failed to gratify him throughout his life, and was in no way characteristic of the plays of puppyhood. His curiosity, too, was unbounded; did a package arrive at the front door, by express or by other means of delivery, he did not forsake it until it had been opened and its contents inspected. I sometimes plagued him by delaying the examination, when he manifested every sign of impatience.

In my days of work in Florida I frequently went after water-birds in a small boat, and did not always take Grouse with me. On my return, early or late, he was at the dock waiting, and the moment the boat touched the landing he was aboard investigating everything that I brought back. On one such trip I killed a large porpoise. Not being able to convey it to our camp in my boat, I found a derelict on an outlying island which in some way was patched up, loaded with the dead porpoise, and towed slowly homeward.

We arrived late; the shades of night had fallen, and only the faint gleam of a lantern indicated our wharf. Grouse was waiting, and into the unknown boat he jumped from the high dock, and, lighting on the back of the porpoise, which took up all the room in the bottom of the skiff, he was for once wholly taken aback. He did not wait to examine any further as to the result of our day's work; overboard he went into the Gulf, evidently preferring to swim ashore rather than to consort with so strange and uncanny a cargo. His astonishment, haste, and retreat were ludicrous, and a hearty laugh arose from all who witnessed the scene.

During his first year Grouse went with me to spend the summer in a beautiful country town on the Delaware which at the time was my Mecca, and here he served me as a faithful messenger. I paid frequent, even daily, visits to a vine-covered cottage a mile or more distant from my temporary home, but there were still occasions for messages or tokens,

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DRAWN BY BRUCE HORSFALL

GROUSE

and these Grouse carried for me. I had only to place in his mouth a letter or small package and tell him, "Take this to M.," when off he would start, carrying his head high in the air, seeming to say, "Your behest shall be obeyed without delay or dalliance." Across the long covered bridge he would trot, and up the shady street, only stopping for a word with a friend in passing, or to accept an insolent challenge from some country dog who taunted him for his grand manners. But when the message was safely delivered to the destined hand, Grouse was not to be beguiled into returning to me with a reply. He was quite content to remain to be praised and caressed for his gallantry, knowing that at no distant moment his master would follow.

Leggett, the blacksmith, had a shop opposite the campus—near the corner

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of William Street—in my earlier Princeton days, and was the proud owner of a hound, a jolly, happy-go-lucky dog, who always greeted me as I passed to and fro from my work with a bark of welcome, and danced and frolicked about Grouse in assurance of his devotion. Grouse at first accepted his attentions in rather a condescending fashion, and, when the hound came on occasional visits, treated him much as a large boy treats a small one whom he tolerates as a playmate in the absence of his chosen companions. However, the hound was not to be discouraged, and he finally persuaded Grouse, one day when his master was absent, to go on a run across the fields. This truancy was safely accomplished, the dogs came back in due season, and no attention was paid to the escapade. This was the beginning of an intimacy, and daily visits from the hound followed.

Another day soon arrived when Grouse was at a loss for amusement; the hound appeared in a glow of excitement and proposed a second excursion. It was in the afternoon, when I returned, that we missed Grouse. At dinner-time he had not arrived; the hours drew on, darkness came, the lamps were lighted. Anxiously we looked up and down the street, but in vain. Then our fears increased as we recalled rumors abroad of sheep-killing, and that angry farmers threatened to shoot at sight any dogs found at large. It was nearly midnight when we heard the jar of the gate as Grouse touched the topmost picket in his flying leap of entrance. The door was quickly opened, the dog sneaked into the hall, while in the distance the hound could be heard scurrying homeward. The poor "Viny Vany" was so dirty, so mud-covered and bedraggled, that a bath was a first necessity. Without thought of punishment, for we had all the joy that usually awaits a prodigal, Grouse was taken hurriedly through the house to the kitchen, where a tub of cold water was prepared, in which he was plunged and thoroughly scrubbed. He showed no signs of resentment, and for us the episode was closed, but not for him.

The following day, on our way to the museum, the hound appeared with his customary leaps and bounds to greet us, when, to my astonishment, Grouse jumped on him with a snarl, and then and there gave him a severe thrashing. Thus ended this dog friendship. From that day on Grouse utterly ignored the hound save by a growl in passing, and the hound discreetly retired to the rear of the blacksmith shop whenever he saw us approaching.

William Street was never a fashionable thoroughfare, nor has it become one in later days, though now it is the main avenue of entrance to the University athletic field; but it is near the School of Science. And here, in a comfortable house of modest dimensions, built by an enterprising merchant, we first set up our household gods. For a time Grouse reigned supreme in this small kingdom, but later shared our affections with two other members of his kind—Topsey, a poor waif, only a mongrel in breed, who was rescued from a life of slavery in Florida, brought to a land of freedom, and richly rewarded our kindness by her fidelity; and Grebe, who caused us infinite sorrow.

There came one day by express a basket which on opening revealed a beautiful little orange-and-white English setter from a celebrated kennel. Then and there she was christened Grebe, as bird names were those chosen for the successive members of our setter family. That Grebe's name was later changed into Grief will not be wondered at when her story is told. She was a headstrong, intractable creature, lovable withal, but whether it was that I did not devote sufficient time and patience to her training, or whether she was of too irrepressible a nature, she remained unbroken to the end of her short life. In the days of her puppyhood she amused herself by chasing and worrying our neighbors' cats and chickens, and the summer she spent with us in Ithaca no butcher or grocer boy could come for orders, however quietly, down the long corridors of the Cascadilla, without finding Grebe in readiness to spring at him with all the fury of a bulldog, never doing injury, but at the same time causing her victim to turn tail and run, to her intense en-

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joyment. When she escaped our vigilant oversight, grievous tales would come to us, for it pleased her ladyship to visit at every opportunity a neighbor's garden and to feast therein on the choicest strawberries in the patch.

We thought she would become sober and staid when her puppies were born; but though they numbered seven and were a serious care for a poor young dog mother, to Grebe the situation brought no added responsibility; she left them almost wholly to our charge. We hoped, however, to be well rewarded for our pains, as the puppies flourished apace; but suddenly distemper set in, due largely no doubt to their lack of natural nourishment. Then followed a period of anxious care, in which Grebe had no share; but in spite of our most earnest efforts to combat the disease, one puppy speedily followed another to an untimely grave. And Grief was well pleased when the last one had departed.

Finally we found it impossible to keep Grebe's untamed spirit within the narrow limits of a town, and she was given to a friend who had a large place on the Hudson. Her end came speedily. She and a staghound went out one day on a sheep-hunting expedition and never returned.

In the "Story of a Bird Lover" I have told something of my wanderings in Florida, with Grouse as my companion. At Dr. Powledge's orange grove, where we spent a winter, there were two dogs belonging to the proprietor. They were of the nondescript breed which the "cracker" uses for coon, deer, and possum hunting, as well as guardians about his home. The training that such dogs receive, especially in their encounters with the semi-wild hogs which the natives allow to roam in the forests and swamps, is not conducive to forbearance. Such dogs are generally, therefore, very courageous, and at the same time singularly resentful of the intrusion of man or beast upon their domain.

We stayed at Dr. Powledge's place about three months, and during that time both of the dogs, Music and Bugle, were constant in the insults and innuendoes which they passed on the stranger dog, whose disposition appeared so mild, and who was so unwelcome a neighbor. I had told Grouse on our arrival that he was on no account to take notice of these dogs or to resent their actions. Many a time the good Doctor and I walked through the orange grove accompanied by all three of the dogs, Grouse following, his head high in the air, with the hair of his back slightly bristled, and walking on the very tips of his toes. Such was his habit and attitude when near dogs whom he evidently considered of lower degree than himself. Nothing showed more clearly his thoroughbred contempt for nondescripts of his own kind; it was significant, and withal had an element of the comic about it. A little way from him, and generally behind him, on these excursions, the two cracker dogs, with curled lips and fangs displayed, strove by snarling and swearing in dog-talk to precipitate a combat, but always in vain.

So it went on till the day before my departure, when, on a final stroll, the Doctor said to me, "Scott, why don't you-all let that dawg hev it out with my two?" Sympathizing with Grouse's forbearance, I agreed, and at my word of command to do battle he began without delay the repayment for the bad treatment he had suffered. Immediately seizing the nearer of the two, Music, and paying no attention to Bugle, who was speedily mixed in the encounter, he proceeded to administer such condign punishment that his first victim was soon ki-ki-ing on the run with his tail between his legs. And the fate of Bugle was even worse; for if I had not interfered Grouse would have torn him to pieces.

The old Doctor, who always described himself as "a man of peace," thoroughly enjoyed the entire episode, and only regretted the restraint of Grouse and his master which had prevented an earlier battle.

Once, in the summer of 1878, while collecting in the upper valley of the Arkansas River, we passed along one of its tributaries which flowed at the bottom of a deep cañon. The stream was not very wide, perhaps some sixty feet, but its turbulent waters, fed by the everlasting snows from the peaks of the Rockies which clustered about, was of

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great volume and rapidity. Moreover, detached boulders and fragments of rocks filled the bed of the torrent, breaking the surface of the water into innumerable foaming rapids. The walls of the cañon through which the stream flowed were precipitous, and the excavation made by the current was perhaps fifty feet deep.

As I was passing down one side of the chasm, but not in its bed, I saw a small animal—a squirrel, or one about that size—running along just opposite me, and above the precipice on the other side. I fired, and killed it. Grouse, who was with me, watched the whole proceeding, and did something unusual and different from his general habit. Whether it was the roar of the rushing water that excited him, or the very novel conditions, I cannot tell. He did not fall and lie on the ground as he had been taught to do when the gun was discharged, and remain there until commanded to go on, but rushed at once down the side of the cliff; and as I came to the edge he had already begun to cross the stream, was being rolled over and over, first his head and then his feet appearing, and was speedily carried beyond my sight, down the rapids, smothered in foam. I gave him up for lost, thinking that he would surely be dashed to pieces and drowned, and stood watching the scene, overcome by the emotions aroused by the supposed loss of so trusty a friend. Perhaps five or six minutes elapsed, when a bedraggled dog came along above the precipice on the other side, and approached a point opposite me. I could scarcely believe my eyes. He came at once to the dead animal, and, in spite of all my cries of warning and command, doubtless lost in the turmoil of sound, picked up the beast and attempted the return journey. Again the fearful scene was enacted. My treasured dog was once more hurled through the seething foam, now impeded by the additional burden which he carried in his mouth; and so he disappeared from my sight. This time I was sure he was lost, for I believed that the fatigue of his first bout with the angry waters must have taxed his strength to the limit, and felt sure that he could not cope successfully with such peril again. After a very considerable interval, however, he appeared, returning on the side of the cañon where I stood, and was soon responding to my caresses. I could not chide or punish him, for his indomitable pluck and courage in the undertaking appealed to me strongly. That he had lost the small animal was forgotten; I could only blame myself for the thoughtlessness which had caused him to risk his life.

Before the completion of the little Palace of Montezuma, our home in the Catalina Mountains, several months were passed in Tucson, Arizona, and Grouse greatly enjoyed with us the quaint attractions of the old Mexican town. He shared our long walks to the smiling Santa Cruz Valley, or followed our horses on gallops across the mesa to Fort Lowell, at that time a flourishing military post. He had a special delight in our drives in an army ambulance, in search of bird life, to the wild cañons of the frowning Catalinas, and the zest of it all gave him a keen appetite. Each day at the end of our excursions a pot of water was put on to boil over the open fire in our sitting-room, and into this were stirred corn-meal and lumps of fat. During the process of boiling, while Mary stirred the pot, Grouse sat by watching eagerly, his mouth watering, in no figurative sense. Then, when the final stir was given and the mush poured into his basin, too impatient to await the cooling, he began licking the boiling food, bringing tears to his eyes and to ours, for we never failed to laugh heartily, though the performance was repeated daily.

For a long time Grouse was wholly dependent on human companionship. In all the town there was none of his kind with whom he cared to associate. The Mexican dogs, pariahs that they were, Grouse despised, and although they sometimes came at him in a threatening manner, he had only to raise the hair on his back and growl menacingly to precipitate their flight.

Then Roxy came. Roxy was a mongrel black-and-tan, rather larger than the average fox-terrier, sturdy of build, and possessed of indomitable spirit; keen

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interest, too, he had in the affairs of men, bohemian though he was, and to know more of the world he spent much time in traveling up and down between Tucson and Yuma, seeing life from the tops of freight trains, prime favorite of the brakemen with whom he raced across the swaying cars, and of the other tramps who stole rides on the trucks beneath. Now and again Roxy tired of traveling, and then for a brief time bestowed his comradeship on some fortunate mortal; and one day he blew in on us—saw Grouse, and immediately friendship was cemented. He at once assumed to Grouse the attitude of a trusty squire. Sancho Panza was no more faithful to his famous master than was Roxy to his chosen knight.

Thereafter when we took our walks abroad, the Mexican dogs with their insolent airs were not allowed to escape unpunished. While Grouse continued to treat them with lofty disdain, Roxy violently resented their insults, rushed in among a pack of the curs, rolled them over, thrashed two or three severely, Grouse looking on with intense enjoyment and seeming to encourage Roxy with all the phrases of the prize-ring. Then would Roxy come out of the fray wagging his stump of a tail, grinning with delight at the satisfaction of his overlord. And so great was Roxy's devotion that he joined his fortunes to ours, and for many months remained as a member of the happy burro-cat-dog-deer-hawk-squirrel-Scott family, of Pepper Sauce Gulch.

The free, open-air life of a mining camp suited Roxy's vagrant spirit. He now joined Grouse on all our expeditions, and it was his delight to ride with the mistress of the camp, sitting up erect on her lap, one forefoot on the horn of her saddle, maintaining a perfect balance whatever the pace of Molly, the fleet pony, whether a swift single-foot, a smooth lope, or a fast run. But let a jack-rabbit's long ears appear over a bunch of grass or from behind a boulder, off Roxy would bound, with a staccato series of sharp barks, and far across the mesa he could be heard still pursuing the evasive hare, whose flying leaps easily kept Roxy at a safe distance. Meanwhile the riders followed their trail, and when the ardor of the chase was over Roxy reappeared, sprang again to the saddle-bow, the horse unchecked.

But the time came when other joys beckoned. Even his love for Grouse could not compensate for the manifold attractions of his roving life, and to our sorrow Roxy joined again the wandering tribes of Ishmael.

I had hoped to tell in the foregoing pages more about Grouse's friends in the dog world and his love for the many different kinds of birds and beasts which at one time or another formed a part of the family circle. Trumps, our Skye terrier, Grouse's adopted brother, was beloved of us all. They were inseparable companions, Trumps following on his short legs wherever Grouse would lead. Grouse found amusement in hunting rats and mice, and it is needless to say that the terrier was most keen about them. Grouse, with his larger and stronger legs, could dig up field-mice much more readily than Trumps, but he was no match for Trumps in killing them when the mice were once uncovered.

In our yard in Florida a bevy of quail were always present, and Grouse spent many hours in his declining years in pointing these birds. It was a serious function with him; but should Trumps happen to notice the proceeding he would rush in and flush the birds. Grouse's annoyance at this unsportsmanlike method did not vent itself on his little friend; at such times he betrayed his mortification and disgust by sitting up on his haunches and howling at the top of his voice.

It was my purpose, too, to tell of Patch, a fox-terrier, Trump's successor; how gentle and amiable a creature he was in the house, how friendly he was to all the cats and kittens, parrots and chickens, and how the same kind of animals outside of his own domain met with instant death if he could get at them, and he rarely failed.

And there remain—Snipe, Ruff, and Taffy, each a setter of marked individuality; Bull, the mastiff; Rollo, the noble St. Bernard who adopted us; Laddie and Babbie, the vivacious collies—whose stories are still unchronicled.

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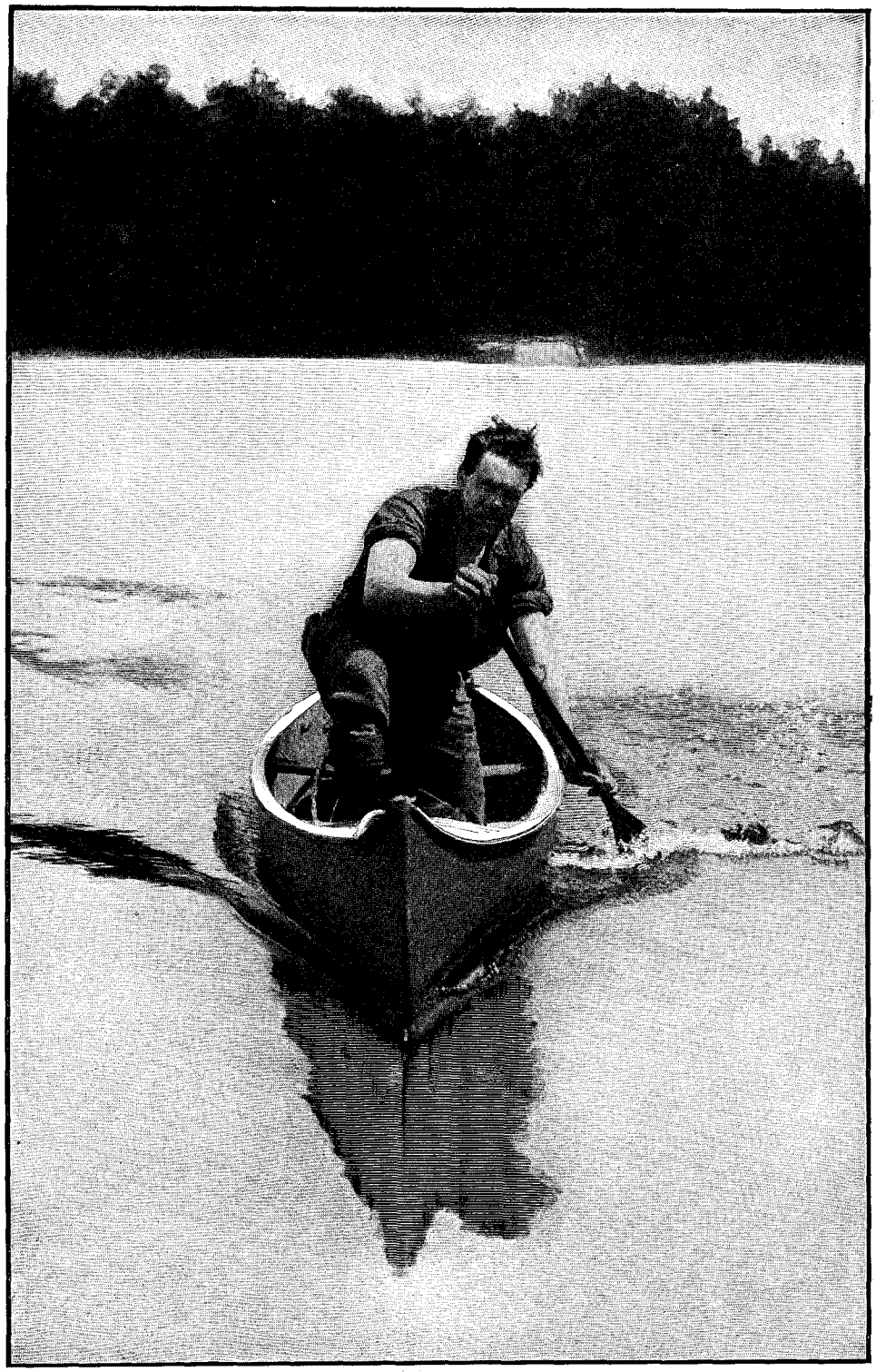

THE WOODSMAN

From a photograph by Arthur Hewitt.

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The Woodsman

By Laura Winnington

There's a breath of pine
And a breeze like wine,
While above me the eagles soar.
And I hear the lap
Of the wave's white cap
On the rocky island shore.

The bitterns scream,
The white stars gleam
O'er my home in the forest free.
There's sun and air
And never a care
For the wild wood creatures and me.

In the Time of Opposition

A Tale of the Fur Country

By S. H. Howard

WELL do I remember Peter Godchere as I saw him first at Long Lake House. Tall, two-hundred-pound man though he was, he walked with that springing, narrow tread which belongs to the wearer of moccasins and comes by placing the foot surely but gently on the ground before bearing the weight of the body on it. We of the paved roads strike with our heavy heel, careless of noise, careless of stone-bruises, for many thicknesses of stiffened cowhide protect us. But they of the woods spring the weight from foot to foot without sound or jar, for moose-moccasins are soft as they are thin, and there is likewise a premium on silence.

With his long, springing stride, then, did Big Pete Godchere come down the square-timber path which leads from his house to the pole fence that in these gentle days takes the place of a palisade.

"Bo' jou', bo' jou', bo' jou', bo' jou'," he called, hospitably. "Good-day, gentlemen. Comment ca va? I have been expecting to have visitors all this summer."

He swung his great black hat down from his head, and stood there, the open gate under his hand, smiling for us to enter. The sun glistened on his high cheek-bones like the high-lights on a bronze cast. His little brown eyes looked out from each side of the hawk nose with polite invitation. His stiff black hair rose from his head straight and virile like that on the neck of his husky dog.

"Entres, messieu', come in, come in," cried he, mixing his French and English with unaffected indiscrimination.

He shook hands gravely and ceremoniously with each of us in turn, and led the way to his dwelling-house, which was removed a little from the Store and the Fur Press, and separated by the fence of poplar poles.

Once within we knew again the utter hospitality of the old-fashioned Hudson Bay Posts north of the Height of Land, where white man's visits are as those of the angels. And in course of time, when the Indian reservedness had worn through with the rubbing of intercourse, the French *bonhomie* shone through, and I learned how Pete Godchere came to Long Lake. But modestly was it told, and many things of credit glossed over until only by dint of questioning did they appear in their true significance. Nor even then did I learn how high did Peter Godchere stand in the estimation of the fur brigades and the trappers or the

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Chief Factor and officials of the company. But afterwards, here and there, from him and whom, the matter came finally into perspective, and I perceived that Peter was a hero in the simple, direct, primitive way that comes of taking duty literally, and holding fast to the spirits of loyalty, reverence, and obedience.

The fiddle had been put away. The Indian children who had been peeping through the crack in the kitchen door had long since crawled to bed on the floor by the big cook-stove. The canoemen who had danced themselves tired were gone to the tents by the shore; Peter and I alone sat by the little box stove in the Factor's living-room and smoked good, yellow Hudson's Bay Company tobacco, while gently I led him back to the days of the past.

"It was in the winter of 1878," said the Factor, "that word came to me at Gran' Lac, where I stayed with my father, who had the post there, that the Company wanted me in Montreal.

"Never, you understan', had I been out before—never. It was a big thing, that—a long trip, right from the headwaters of the Ottawa to the St. Lawrence. It was three o'clock when that Injun come with the letters. I camp that night in a clump of cedars on Caribou Lake, thirty miles from the Fort. For three days I tramp sixty miles a day on snowshoes beside the dogs, when I come to Gatineau Point and the habitant settlements on the Ottawa. On that day I leave my toboggan train with the Hudson Bay Factor at Ottawa and take the train for Montreal. I'm a good walker, especially in those days, but I never travel so fast as on that train. I never did—never.

"When I get to Montreal, it is dark. I don't know how to make camp there with no wood, and I walk about till the sun comes up. Then I find the Hudson's Bay Store and wait there. By and by the clerk comes and I go inside. I don't think that clerk was ever on the Long Portage. He's delicate-looking. But he's very smart man, all the same. Yes, indeed yes.

"He says what I want? and I asks about the Chief Factor sending to Gran' Lac for me. He says for to wait till the other clerks come and he'll tell them about me.

"I wish if so many fine-lookin' fellers was be there I had on my other moccasins, for there was no beads on these, and my capote coat is all dirty with the smoke and the carelessness of the camp.

"When those other clerks come they's told about me, and they ask of me some more and talk such a very quick in English that I don't understand. Only they laugh very much, and I know they think well about me. But at noon the Chief Factor comes in his fur coat and those clerks they go away somewheres—to make dinner maybe.

"I stand dere and the Chief Factor he go on his office. After a time he comes out and says very stern, 'Well, sir, what is it that you wait for?' I tell him I wait to be told what next I'm to do. 'Where you from?' he says. 'Gran' Lac,' I tell him. 'What!' he says, 'are you Peter Godchere?' 'Yes, sir,' I say. Then he shakes me by the hand. 'Come to-morrow at three o'clock,' he says. I turn to go. He says, 'Where are you staying?' I tell him I stay outside till he wants me to come. He calls the clerk. 'Take Mr. Godchere to the Windsor and register for him. Better stay with him for dinner.' He was a fine man, was the Commissioner of Montreal in those days. I've stopped at many stoppin'-places since that, but never so fine a place as the Windsor, never—no, not at all no.

"Next day at three o'clock I go on the office once more. 'You are to wait till the Commissioner calls you,' says the clerk. In a little while word comes I am to go inside the office. There is a big table there with a green cloth, and I see the Commissioner at the head with more gentlemen along each side in big arm chairs.

"'Mr. Godchere,' the Commissioner say, 'we hear you are a good walker. How many miles can you go in a day?'

"'Seventy-five,' I say.

"'But how many miles can you travel day in and day out?'

"'Sixty miles every day with the dogs, if the snow is good.'

"Then they speak to each other, and then the Commissioner smile and say,

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'We want you to go to Long Lake in the Superior District and hunt out opposition there, and take charge of the Post until further orders.' 'Yes, sir,' I say. 'We will give you credentials and sufficient money to take you in as far as Nepigon. There you will take a dog-train from the Post and walk in as expeditiously as may be.'

"This was at four o'clock. At five o'clock I start for Ottawa. I know the way that I must go to get there at Long Lake. When I get to Ottawa I take my dogs and I drive on the ice of the river to Mattawa in two days and a half. There was only a little settlement there then, with an hotel and the Hudson's Bay store. I go to the store and load up my toboggan. Then I say 'Good-by, bo' jou',' and away I go. That night I camp on the long portage between Lake Nipissing and the Mattawa. In two days I am at the Sault Ste. Marie. It was a cold trip there that time, on the north shore of Lake Superior. Yes, indeed yes. At Nepigon Post they tell me about this man at Long Lake. He's a bad man, they say. He spoil the trade. The Injuns they'se a very much scare. He travel around at night and shoot at the camp fires. That's a fun he makes. He shoot in the fire from the dark and scares those Injuns. And they don't trade with the Company no more. They trade with him. Only he's got nothing. He takes their fur for such a very small. He gives them promises on paper. Finlayson he's very old. He's no good to hold the Post no more. He's moved away in the fall to his nephew's place at Pic River, with only an Injun left in charge of the Post. There's no fur coming in, and all those Injuns they stop the winter hunt because they think it's no use any more now that the Opposition is come and the Company is bust up. For sure it makes me very mad to hear about that free trader man. He's from off the States, a murderer there, and he's run here away to the Hudson's Bay Territory to hide from the law.

"'Where you go now?' they say.

"'I go to Long Lake House.'

"'Well, you can go—not me. It's a bad job, that Long Lake House. There's a bad Opposition there.'

"Next day I take some more shells for my gun and start. First I go to Jack Fish Bay, where there's a winter trail comes out from Long Lake. In two days I am camped in a warm bunch of spruce half-way down Long Lake. At that time I don't know how long this Long Lake is, but an Injun tell me, 'Early in the morning hurry up, hurry up, hurry up; all day hurry up, hurry up, hurry up. Night, Long Lake House.' De Government Surveyors tell me last year it is fifty-two miles.

"I load my rifle magazine full up next morning and walk into the Post at the foot of the lake. There's one old Injun there, and very little supplies.

"'I have come for take charge of the Post,' I tell him.

"'Kawin nishin,' dat old man say. 'No good, Kawin kintagen. No more fur comes here. Kawin.'

"I'm very mad, then, to think of that Opposition man stealing the Company's fur.

"'We must hunt him out,' I say. 'We must do so.'

"It is the next morning I see a Saganosh come on the lake and an Injun behind walking on the fresh road of the Saganosh's snow-shoes. They don't stop at the Post, but pass right by in front by the shore.

"'Who's dat?' I say to the old man,

"'Dat's him, dat's the Opposition,' the old man tell me. 'He walk past to show he's not afraid to let the Company see him here in the fur lands.'

"'Come on,' I say, 'we must follow him. We've *got* to do it.'

"We take our rifles and a small pack and start right out. No time for dog-teams. This is for the best walker to do what he can. That man is not half a mile away. We follow him all morning like that, on the trail to Devil Fish Lake. At noon he stops and waits for us to come up. 'I allow no man to follow me,' he says, and, oh! he was a big *wicked*-looking man. Yes, indeed; yes. But I'm afraid of nothing in those days—nothing; no, not at all, no. I am very strong then, and quick. 'We've got to follow you,' I say. 'You are a poacher on this country. The Company have sent me to hunt you out. We have it to do. We must do it.'

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"'I'd like to know how you'll go about it,' he say, and he swear and laugh very evil.

"'Boil the pot,' I say to my Injun.

"'An' you boil mine,' he say to his man.

"'Never min',' I say; 'you can boil your tea in my pail.'

"'What kind of a man are you?' says this free trader. 'I could have shot you before now, and here you are offering me the use of your fire!'

"'If you shoot me you starve to death in the woods,' I tell him. 'Not an Injun would help you. Not a Post would supply you. Every man in the Hudson Bay Territory would know about you before you came and wherever you went. The Company would get you if you gave in and hang you. You could never get away.'

"'Bah!' he says. 'The Company! bah!'

"It makes me very angry, then, when he laughs.

"'I will follow you,' I say, 'wherever you go. The Company sent me to hunt you out, and I will follow you, follow you, follow you always—on snow-shoe or by canoe. I will do you no hurt unless you make for play a bad deal for me. Then I will kill you, or if you kill me, I will follow you just the same still till the Company hang you or the cold get you and starve you to death. You see I'm afraid not of you nor of nothing at all. Only it must be done what the Company says.'

"'Bah!' he says. 'The Company!' But he don't laugh no more.

"All day I follow him in his tracks. I sleep near by at night. Next day I see he try to walk away from me. He walk all day—fifty or sixty miles maybe. He's a good runner, that man. But I'm the bes' man on snow-shoes on the Upper Ottawa.

"'What kin' of a man are you?' he say. 'I never seen such a walker. I walk and walk and walk, and I can't get away from you.'

"'I am for the Company,' I say.

"'Damn the Company,' he say. For sure he is a wicked man. Yes, yes, indeed yes.

"In two days my old Injun play out. He get the snow-shoe sickness and his eyes get bad with the snow. I send him back to the Post and I speak to that other Indian in Objibeway. He goes back too. The Opposition Man calls, but he won't stop.

"'What's this you do?' he says to me. 'I've a good mind to shoot your brains out,' he say.

"'Dat Injun,' I say, 'belongs to the Company. He trades at Long Lake House, and his father and grandfathers before him. He has a debt there every season,' I say. 'You think he's going to turn Opposition?'

"He's very mad, that free trader, but he's a little scared now.

"We walk whole days sometimes and never a word. He sees he can't walk away from me. One night we make camp in the snow. We dig a hole and cut brush and spread the rabbit-skins by the fire. For sure it's nice to be so restful after walking such a far. We fry a little pork and boil the tea, and after we smoke, and the sparks fly up in the spruces. Then I find that a murderer is a nice man some time. Yes, yes, indeed yes. He tell me a many stories about on the States, and of many towns and settlements by the railroads, so that by and by I am very sleepy. But I sleep very light always. I wake at night often to see if that free trader is not too cold, and I put wood on the fire, and fix his blanket. But to-night I'm very sleepy. That Opposition Man he talks such a very. So when I wake up the stars shine very bright and the bush is not a black wall any more, for the fire has gone down. Then I get up and put green birch and dry spruce logs on the coals. Soon the stars go out again, and the dark squeezes up close to the blaze. Then I warm myself and go to fix the blanket on that Opposition Man. *He's not there,* no, not at all no, nor his rabbit blanket. Certainly not, no. I look for the snow-shoes. None. No, sair. Not one. He has gone, and my snow-shoes they are gone also. What's to do now? I do' no. For sure that Opposition is a bad business. Yes, indeed yes.

"I look for tracks, and by and by I find them, two hours old maybe, all crisp with the frost. I try my weight on the

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track. Some place it holds me up, some place it break with my weight and I go down past my knee. Very well. I get my pack and start out on that Opposition Man's snow-shoe track.

"In the middle of those days we have warm sun. It is February, and at night the damp snow freeze up again. So there is a good crust. Dat man he leave the bush and come out on the muskeg, and there the walking is good. I follow that man by the light of the stars on the snow. There on the muskeg it makes a good light, that sky, because no trees are there, but scrub spruce and little tamarack only. For three, four, five mile it is like that. Then I come to the hills and bush once more, and the snow is often soft. For sure it is hard walking that time—one foot up and one foot down to the thigh. And that pack it bear me down for all it is only such a light pack, and my gun it helps to break in the crust from under me. I swear sometimes, and I pay the priest ten dollars just on account of that when he comes in July. For sure that Opposition was a very bad business. Certainement, yes indeed.

"By and by I come to a gorge on the river. I don't know that place then, but I know now it is the Split Rock Rapids on the Kawasibi, where the river cuts through the granite mountain and the portage is a mile and a half for canoes. But now there is ice at the head of the rapids, and along the shore it hangs by the rocks so there is a ledge where the snow lies. For sure that Opposition don't know that place. The track it go along on the side of the cañon. By and by I see the black of open water and the trail it climbs up the wall of the gorge where the crumble of the cliff makes a slope. There the snow is soft like flour, for the sun never shines there and no crust comes in the night. Also it makes a very dark in the night. And the snow has drifted and piled in there very deep. Presently I think I would like well to shoot that Opposition, for I cannot walk on the snow. I sink up to the middle. For sure now I am very angry. Yes, yes, indeed yes.

"At this time I think what the Chief Factor say to me at Montreal: 'We hear that you are a good walker. We want you to hunt out that Opposition,' and I make myself to think I will certainly do so. I tie my gun on my back behind me on the pack and I crawl on my hands and knees in that snow-shoe track for two miles. The track will bear me if I am gentle, but often it break under my hands, and I sink down by the shoulders. For sure, I think the rabbits say I am a big bear, I walk so funny on the snow, sometimes up the hill, sometimes down to the edge of the rapid, which roars likes he's mad all this time that people come there in the night.

"By and by we come to the end, and the sky she's getting gray in the east. Then my heart feels very warm and kind, for I see a deep runway in the snow for the caribou by the river, and that Opposition Man's trail is close by all the time, for I guess it's dark when he pass and he don't see it there near by. I stand up in there, and feel I could make more business on two feet than I can on four.

"Now I walk very fast, for the caribou beat down a good hard road, but it is so deep and narrow I trip over the sides very often. Well, never min' dat. It is much better than to crawl. Yes, indeed yes.

"When the sun come up, that snow-shoe trail it still follows on the river and I laugh that that Opposition don't think of the caribou—what a nice road he makes. In two hours we come to a lake, and the crust is hard packed with the wind and the thaw. That runway go by the shore, but the snow-shoes' track it heads straight across. I look very much, but I see nothing. I run across the lake like when we have the toboggan dogs and the Post is just over there on the line of the sky. Over there I find something. I find my snow-shoes. Yes, sair. That foolish Opposition, for all he's so wicked, has thrown them away without breaking. Only he has cut the web with his knife, so that it's never good no more. What matter? He didn't burn them, as I thought. I take my sash and tie pieces across the frames. It is a good sash from Moose Factory, and I mend my snow-shoes with it very quick. Then I put them on, and I have to laugh, I feel so strong on foot.

"I think now I'll have some tea, for

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that Opposition Man he's for sure asleep by now not far off. So I make a fire of a few sticks and boil some snow and eat some more pork. Then I light my smoking pipe and walk away from there very good.

"I catch up very quick now. In a short time I come to another lake. I look across and it is five miles. I see a smoke for sure, yes. He's asleep there, that Opposition, and very tire' out. So I come there on that place in the spruce thicket and find him there rolled up in his rabbit-skin blanket by the fire. I laugh some more then, I feel so warm inside and joyful that the Company is on the spot. I take his snow-shoes and lay them close by my own. He don't do that same thing again as last time, I think, no, not at all, no. Then I cut a little balsam brush and spread it on top. Then I lay my blanket and roll up so that my back is touching that Opposition Man. Then I go to sleep too, very nice and warm.

"In two hours I get up and make the fire. I have got the pot boiled and the pork nearly ready when I hear that Opposition grunt. For sure then I am laughing inside.

"'Is it that you like your bacon well done to-day, Monsieur?' I say.

"'Holy Joshua!' that man he says, and I don't like to laugh so much when he say that, but I can be grave only on the face. My heart it laughs for all he's so wicked.

"'We sleep late this morning,' I say; 'see there the sun is at four hours after noon.'

"'How the Jumped-Up did you get here?' he says.

"'The Company,' I tell him, 'he sent me from Montreal.'

"'Well, I'll be eternally burned!' he says, and I am very afraid it is a true thing that what he said there. Yes, yes, I am sad it is so. Ah, yes!

"We walk now some more. We have come away into the trapping grounds by now, and there are camps to get new snow-shoes and provisions some time. I tell those Injuns in Objibeway that it is an Opposition, and the Company will not allow him. He can buy no fur, no, not at all, no, nor can he get any provisions, only me—they give what I need for both. For three weeks I follow him. Once he say, 'My God, man, do you want me to go crazy? You walk behind like the devil after a pauper. Let's fight it out, man to man, and be done with it.'

"'No,' I say, 'it's not me, it's the Company. It's an affair of the rules. I will kill you if it is necessary, but the chief thing for me is to hunt you out. The Company says, "Dead or alive." So what difference? I don't want to kill a man.'

"'I never seen such a man,' he says. 'You'd think the Company owned your soul.'

"'That's the law,' I say, 'in the woods here; the Company—what he say, that's right. There's nothing farther.'

"We are walking very much and very far by now. That free trader he's got very thin, and his feet are sore from the instep thong on the snow-shoe. He can't walk so fast now, and he's not fierce any more.

"'I think we'll go to Nepigon,' he say. 'I'm getting very sick of this.'

"'All right,' I say. 'Wherever you go I'll follow.' But he's very tired. Sometimes he sits down to rest.

"'My God!' he say, 'I never seen such a walker!'

"'When a man is on his duty,' I say, 'he feels strong. His heart bears up. When a man has done wrong,' I say, 'God takes the heart out of him some time.'

"'Wrong?' he say; 'what do you know about that?'

"I say, 'You bother those poor Injuns that never do any harm to you. You shoot their fires and you scare them so they won't hunt no more while you stay there. You spoil the trade for the Post at Long Lake.'

"'Bah!' he says; 'if only that was all I've done! Say, Godchere, you're a good man. I like you, in spite of the way you've been dogging me all this time. Blow me if you don't make me wish I was as ignorant as you are. I wish I didn't know any more than to do what the law laid down and go it blind on that. You, with your Company behind you, are ready to face the devil himself. But me—what have I got to back me up?'

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"'Is there no Company in your country?' I say.

"'There's no faith in me, that's what's the trouble,' he say. 'I'm on the road to hell. I know that; that's all the faith I've got. And I've lost my nerve. You,' he say, 'you, damn you, are responsible for that.'

"'Me?' I say, 'me? What's that? It's the Company what sends me. I'm born and brought up in the Company, and my father and grandfather. I do what the Company wants, of course. What else?'

"'Always the *Company*, the *Company*,' he say. 'A mere fur-trading institution that monopolizes you half-breeds, body and soul. It's your religion, I believe. It's all your old manitous and pagan devils reborn in unity form. Who's the biggest man—the fur factor or the priest—tell me?'

"And he talk a lot like that way, while I just smoke.

"'Come on,' he say at last, 'come on, let's get out of this cursed country. The Company—that's your religion. Good job if I had some kind of religion myself.'

"We come in to Poplar Lodge and then to Nepigon Post that week.

"The man had about hundred dollar worth of fur and he went in to trade. I made a sign; they held the fur. I never saw a man so mad. He pointed his gun at me and swore so as I thought fire would come from his mouth. It is a wonder if the priest could forgive him.

"I say, 'Why do you point the gun at me? You kill me, what is that? The Company have posts on every headwater and men on every traveled river; I'm only one man.'

"'Damn the whole of you,' he say. 'Give me back my fur.'

"'No,' I say; 'you owe ninety-five dollar for supplies at Long Lake. You must pay that debt.'

"'This is not Long Lake,' he say. 'This is Nepigon.'

"'Long Lake or Nepigon, it's all for the Hudson's Bay Company,' I say.

"He is very tired by now, and his strength is wasted by anger. He start for cry like a little child. His heart is broken. I don't like to see that, but it must be done. He is for trying to run Opposition. That cannot be.'

"'Here,' I say; 'give him five dollar, that's all he has left when his debt is paid.'

"He sob and sob, and I take him outside. He turn back to the store. 'Here,' he say, 'take all I've got and give me a bottle of whisky.' They look at him. 'The Company don't allow whisky.' He come out and sob like a little baby. He's very tire' out. I take the money and buy two bottles of whisky. It is very high in price because of the law. 'Here,' I say, 'now we'll go.'

"'Where's my gun?' he say.

"'Dat's confiscate,' I say.

"'Who by?'

"'The Company.'

"'Holy anguish!' he say.. He follow me like a little child. When we come to Port Arthur in two days, dere's a boat dere, for the ice is broken up in the harbor by the wind, and the season has begun on the Lakes. I buy a ticket for Duluth and put him aboard.

"'Good-by,' I say, and I shook him by the hand. 'I hope you'll get along all right.'

"'No hard feeling, Pete,' he says. 'Good-by, God bless you. Good-by! good-by!'

"I go ashore and watch the boat out by the harbor. Somehow I feel sad dat time; yes, indeed yes, it is so. It is queer to be so tender of the heart for a murderer, is it not?"

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A Plea for Anglo-Saxon Unity[1]

MR. ARCHIBALD R. COLQUHOUN has made several ambitious incursions into the realm of international politics, but none more ambitious than that undertaken in his latest work. Its object, as expressed by himself, is "to present American evolution as a whole, to treat her history from the standpoint of its wide national significance, to show to what point she has progressed, to indicate what her future may be." Back of all this, however, the reader will discern that the main purpose of the work is to promote comity between Great Britain and the United States, and to hasten so far as is in the writer's power the consummation, fondly cherished in certain quarters, of a tacit or formal federation of English-speaking peoples. In the development of this Mr. Colquhoun endeavors to show that more than any other two nations Great Britain and the United States have interests in common and similar ideals, and that a closer understanding between the two would result not only in strengthening each but in advancing the cause of civilization. He analyzes the influence, upon ourselves and the world, of our entrance into world politics by reason of our expansion into the Far East and the Caribbean and our construction and control of the Panama Canal; discusses the intricate questions of Pan-Americanism, examining the relations between the United States and other countries of the two Americas in their bearing upon our world policy; and endeavors to portray for both British and American readers the conditions that confront us at home as well as abroad, and the influence these must have in shaping our future.

Always he essays the triple rôle of exponent, critic, and adviser, and always he commands the attention and holds the interest. We cannot but regret the fact that too often his views are tinged with ultra-British prejudices and susceptibilities, and that he cannot resist the temptation to indulge, now and again, in hits at "American democracy." But we gladly recognize the real value to American as to British readers of his study of our institutions, policies, and people. This is not a mere record of observations from a traveler's note-book; it is the fruit of a trained intellect, the offspring of a mind that has in the past proved itself not lacking in both insight and farsight. We may disagree with many of the writer's conclusions, we may even note errors in statements of fact, but we must admit his profound grasp of the problems and responsibilities devolving upon us by reason of the events of recent years. Passing, therefore, over his hasty generalizations concerning our efforts to transplant American ideals and to remain true to the spirit of democracy in our new relations—generalizations that Mr. Colquhoun himself must admit require the test of time to prove their truth or error—we may with profit examine the practical suggestions he proffers in the direction of assisting us to bear the "burdens of world greatness."

Of these burdens he places in the forefront the problem of governing alien races, a problem which, as he points out, is no new one to us. It rests, for a democracy, on a twofold basis of assimilation—the assimilation by the aliens of the principles of the democracy, and—or—the assimilation of the aliens by the democracy itself. Indeed, it is with a study of the assimilative ability of the United States as seen in our absorption of alien immigration that Mr. Colquhoun opens his work, it being his contention that both the quality and quantity of the immigration at various periods have been directly contributory to "the constant expansion by which Greater America has been built up," and that "immigration has molded the national character and will continue to do so." Here we would merely pause to observe that his sweeping statements derogatory to the Irish and to the natives of southeastern Europe who have made their homes among us are neither happy nor strictly in accord with the facts. When we pass to his discussion of our treatment of the

[1] *Greater America.* By Archibald R. Colquhoun. Harper & Brothers, New York.

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negroes and the Indians, however, it is necessary to acknowledge that there is only too much truth in his charge that the principles of democracy have not always obtained in our dealings with the colored races. To both the negro and the Indian problems, on the other hand, men of the highest ideals and the keenest intellect are devoting their energies, and we are confident that both will ultimately be solved in righteousness, without our having to accept the solution advanced by Mr. Colquhoun in these words:

> If the American would acknowledge freely and honestly the breakdown of the democratic system, would accept his position as the dominant factor in a great republican empire, would cease to endeavor to square his theory with his practice, he might still advance along the path of progress, might achieve the freest and most liberal form of government, but would still not be debarred from dealing justly with alien and subject races.

This little ebullition is characteristic, but need not be taken seriously, for Mr. Colquhoun soon shows that he does not altogether despair of democracy vindicating itself in the settlement of the negro problem. Truly he is much more alive to the seriousness of that problem than are many Americans. He does not hesitate to say that it has "assumed proportions which make it possible that the whole policy of the nation may turn on a point of race prejudice." His appeal for National co-operation in the work of uplifting the negro is timely and well-voiced: "Every State has its own method of dealing with what is in reality a national matter. Isolated efforts at reform in one section are nullified by abuses in another." Granting the value of education as a practical step in the right direction, Mr. Colquhoun queries: "When the negro is educated, is raised, not individually but racially, to a higher level of knowledge and character, what then? Is it to be expected that he will press forward to this goal without incentive, without hope of reward?" To those who would "let well enough alone" he interposes this objection: "Left alone, permitted to segregate, and deprived of the stimulating contact of a higher civilization, the American negro will sink to lower levels. He will act as a drag and a menace to the nation of which, after all, he is an integral part." Thus The Outlook believes. Love of self, if not love of one's fellowman, should impel all to unite in a work that makes for the welfare of all, for the helper as much as for the helped.

Another phase of this "burden of world greatness" is involved in our treatment of the Filipinos. Mr. Colquhoun confesses to an especial interest in the American experiment in the Philippine Islands, but expresses sincere doubts regarding our ability to establish a popular government among peoples who, in his opinion, are racially unfitted to assimilate democratic ideas. Added to the Malay element, with its essentially Oriental tendencies, is the semi-Latin element of the mestizos, and "nowhere has a semi-Latin race succeeded in founding a popular government. The so-called republics are victims of anarchy, the best being governed by oligarchies or held together by the strength of a practical dictator." Yet the author ranges himself neither with those who would leave the Filipinos to settle their affairs as best they may, or with those who would have us set a time-limit to our endeavors to fit them for self-government. As it is, he believes that we have made many mistakes in our policy towards the natives, owing to our zeal to equip them as soon as possible for the task of ruling themselves. "The Filipino," he observes, "is at a crisis in his career when he must have good government, fair government, strong and energetic government, if he is ever to rise above his present level. Peace and prosperity are the first gifts a nation should confer upon the race it desires to elevate, and without prosperity it will be impossible to crush the hydra-headed monster of discontent and intrigue."

Here as elsewhere he has little patience with "American idealism." The government he would give the Filipino is patterned after British rule in India, and in no wise modeled on the theory that the Filipino is to be treated "as if he were an American with a brown skin." Convinced that we must settle down to a long if not a permanent period

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of colonial government, he proceeds to outline a form of organization to meet the requirements of administrating the islands in the interests of the Filipinos, bringing to this task a rich fund of knowledge gained by years of training and experience. It is not surprising, therefore, to find here many suggestions of great value. His organization is based on civil service reform. Of the present Philippine civil service he has many pleasant things to say, but finds little difficulty in picking flaws in it; as a training-school for natives it does not exact sufficiently high qualifications; its severance from the civil service of the mother country tends to prevent the recruiting of good officers; there is a lack of inducements to the best class of Americans; essentials are swamped in a multiplication of detail and clerical work. Rejecting what to him appear the defects of both the Philippine and the Indian civil service, he offers a substitute looking to the upbuilding of a greater American imperial service, with entrance examinations, promotions on merit, transfers, pensions, and the employment of natives trained to do the work in American dependencies done in India by native officials. Throughout a sincere desire for "fair play" is made manifest, but it is ever the idea of fair play to the people destined to remain subject. It is not so much a question of assisting that people to self-government as of treating it with equity as a dependent race.

We have dwelt upon these themes not alone because of their importance. They serve well to illustrate the author's prevailing tendencies and the general drift of his argument; always he sees in our territorial growth and changing world relations a parallel to salient features in the history of the British Empire. It was as a colonizing power that Great Britain won her prestige, and it is as a colonizing power that Greater America "has attained her present proportions and position as a great world-power." His analysis of her "present proportions" and the extension of her "sphere" is interesting and instructive. Turning to America and American waters, he studies in detail the consequences of our incursion into the Caribbean and of our construction of the great interoceanic highway. Briefly, he assigns to us the ultimate control of Cuba—"it is hard to see how the farce of Cuban independence can be prolonged much further"—of Hispaniola (San Domingo and Haytì), of the Danish West Indies, of Mexico, and of the Central American republics. His exposition of the strategic and economic importance of the Panama Canal to the United States is impressive. With this he offers a plausible argument to prove that the Canal will not only be of direct benefit to Great Britain, but will act as a tie that "will strengthen the bonds of mutual interest, will help to lift the United States out of a position of deceptive isolation, and, by bringing her more into the arena of world politics, will materially add to the force which the Anglo-Saxon part of humanity is to exercise on the world's future." So far as we alone are concerned, "the actual occupation, with sovereign rights, of the Canal strip will act as another center from which the United States influence must spread more tangibly, and, as the Monroe Doctrine involves its adherents (or rather exponents) more and more in the meshes of Latin-American affairs, the question will be, Where will the 'American sphere' end?" This brings Mr. Colquhoun to a consideration of the problems of Pan-Americanism.

Having already disposed of Mexico, Central America, and the Caribbean islands as indicated above, he turns to South America. Here he seems to expect our influence to increase, but to increase slowly. Not only have the South American republics failed to assimilate the ideals of the northern republic whose institutions they have copied, but they are linked both by racial affiliations and by commercial and financial ties to Europe rather than to the United States. The Canal will bring our merchants in closer touch with the Pacific coast countries, but Mr. Colquhoun doubts whether it will result in the consummation of a commercial union, and evidently expects that Europe will continue, at least for a long time to come, to do the bulk of the trading.

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On the other hand, he insists that the Monroe Doctrine, if carried to its logical conclusion, is certain to result in the establishment by the United States of a protectorate over all Latin-American republics. Writing before the Hague Tribunal rendered its decision in the matter of giving the "Pacific blockaders" preference on the Venezuela customs fund, he remarks: "Whichever way the decision goes, the responsibility of the United States seems to be increased since she stipulated (in 1899) that nothing in the Hague Convention is to be construed as implying a relinquishment by her of her traditional attitude towards purely American questions. Therefore, she is either in the position of sanctioning action on the part of Europe which may lead to a direct violation of the principles of the Monroe Doctrine, or she must assume herself the task of keeping the recalcitrant States to the fulfillment of their obligations. In the latter case she must become either a debt collector and board of correction, or an international bankruptcy court."

From South America the author passes to Canada, and, freeing his mind from sentiment, proceeds to debate, pro and con, the advantages to be gained by that country if she remain under the British flag, if she declare for independence, or if she become annexed to the United States. His main argument against annexation is based on the contention that by becoming part of the Republic Canada would saddle herself with a share of the Republic's heavy responsibilities without gaining "any real and practical accession of liberty." So far as independence is concerned, he finds that Canada is as yet not strong enough to stand alone; but he warns his British readers that if the Colony is not to be "Americanized," and is to remain as a constituent element of the Empire, action of some kind is urgently needed to knit closer the ties binding her to the mother country. Not merely as an admirer of Mr. Chamberlain and an ardent imperialist does Mr. Colquhoun state the case in behalf of the Colony: "Upon our relations with Canada in the present," he asserts, "depends the trend of her future development. Upon the amount of influence with her which we retain depends that to be exercised by the United States."

A Century and a Half of British Art[1]

GENRE, landscape art, portraiture, symbolism—these four departments have been glorified in British art. In the first domain are such men as Hogarth and Wilkie; in the second, Constable and Turner; in the third, Gainsborough and Reynolds; in the fourth, Burne-Jones and Watts. Biographies, varying in excellence, of all of these and of other British artists have recently been published.

That of Hogarth shows him to us in the light of nonconformity to artistic principles. His work thus compares unfavorably with the more spontaneous and rapid achievement of greater artists. His robust contempt of the conventional and the traditional kept him, as Mr. Anstruther admits, from pursuing the

[1] *William Hogarth.* By G. E. Anstruther. The Macmillan Company, New York.
Thomas Gainsborough. By Lord Ronald Sutherland Gower, F.S.A. The Macmillan Company, New York.
Thomas Gainsborough. By Arthur B. Chamberlain. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.
Sir Joshua Reynolds. By A. L. Baldry. Frederick Warne & Co., New York.
Constable. By C. J. Holmes. Longmans, Green & Co., New York.
Sir David Wilkie, R.A. By William Bayne. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.
Sir David Wilkie. By Lord Ronald Sutherland Gower, F.S.A. The Macmillan Company, New York.
J. M. W. Turner, R.A. By Robert Chignell. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.
Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A. By James A. Manson. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.
Frederick Walker. By Clementina Black. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.
La Peinture Anglaise Contemporaine. Par Robert de la Sizeranne. Hachette et Cie., Paris.
Rossetti Papers, 1862–1870. A Compilation. By William Michael Rossetti. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.
Frederic, Lord Leighton. By George C. Williamson, Litt.D. The Macmillan Company, New York.
Sir John Everett Millais. By A. L. Baldry. The Macmillan Company, New York.
Sir Edward Burne-Jones. By Malcolm Bell. The Macmillan Company, New York.
Holman Hunt. By George C. Williamson, Litt.D. The Macmillan Company, New York.
The Life Work of George Frederick Watts, R.A. By Hugh Macmillan, D.D., LL.D. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

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well-ordered path of progressive study which produces the highest form of art. Hogarth was often lamentably deficient in drawing and weak in chiaroscuro. While his moralizing pictures, particularly his "Marriage à la Mode," have distinct place and value in genre art, there is, of course, an unavoidable comparison between him and Wilkie in this domain, particularly in the minds of the reader who puts down Mr. Anstruther's interesting book to take up Mr. Bayne's or Lord Ronald Gower's less interesting volumes. Hogarth indubitably commanded instantaneous recognition from his keen delineation of one particular aspect of nature, but Wilkie seemed to contemplate the whole round of nature. As against Hogarth's certain cleverness must be set Wilkie's comprehensive reality. Mr. Bayne's treatment may not impress us as sufficiently authoritative, and Lord Ronald's as not authoritative at all, but both books are of service in calling to the mind of this generation the universal and enduring qualities of charm in the genre canvases of many years ago, even if the present fame is far from being on a level with that once enjoyed. It is certainly true that our own generation does not care half as much for genre art as its forefathers did. Yet it is not necessary to go as far as critics like the late Mr. Henley have gone in iconoclastic treatment of genre painting. We should not forget that no less a critic than John Ruskin ascribed to Wilkie, equally with Scott, the power to touch the passions which all feel, and to express truths which all can recognize. Mr. Henley calls Wilkie only "a pictorial Galt," to which Mr. Bayne justly replies that, though Galt might have founded a popular literary school, his vision, after all, was both limited and without concentration; he certainly did not have Wilkie's breadth, vivacity, or freedom of handling. But Wilkie lacked the perspective of a more modern genre artist, who was in some degree also a symbolist. Frederick Walker seemed to have a clearer conception than had any British artist up to his time of the actual world of men and women around him, and of the actual significance of that world. Hence he struck a deeper human note. Yet his pictures were such as to appeal to the ignorant in art as well as to the learned. Walker's work was natural, humorous, pathetic in their eyes, and in the eyes of those more learned in art it showed a marked mastery of the brush.

Among English genre artists Sir Edwin Landseer may be mentioned, animal painter although he was, because he was pre-eminently an anecdotist. In equal degree with technical skill he also represented sentiment, pathos, and humor. In default of a better, we suppose that Mr. Manson's will take its place as a standard biography of Landseer.

In English landscape art three great names stand out with immortal distinctness—Gainsborough, Constable, Turner. Lord Ronald Gower's life of Gainsborough is a better biography than is his of Wilkie. While the text is reinforced by over one hundred well-chosen illustrations, the reproduction of the pictures leaves much to be desired, especially the reproductions of landscapes. We are glad that Lord Ronald draws the reader's particular attention to Gainsborough's landscapes, well-nigh as remarkable as his portraits and of pre-eminent worth in the development of English art. Indeed, Sir Joshua Reynolds thought Gainsborough the greatest landscape artist of his day, and so he was to our thinking. He placed before us nature at her best, and he placed before us man at his best. Such a double gift and such a double achievement have been paralleled only by Titian, Rembrandt, and Rubens. Titian's work was one of the few exceptions to the hitherto universal practice of painting landscape only as a background for figures. For the first time landscape now appeared with figures as accessories, instead of *vice versa*. These, with other qualities which they had admired in Titian, were introduced by Rembrandt into Dutch art and by Rubens into Flemish art. When we turn to Claude, Poussin, and Salvator Rosa, we find the tradition only too evident that landscape was really but a branch of historical painting. From this incubus, as Lord Ronald Gower shows, the gentle genius of Gainsborough freed English art. The

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emancipation which Constable exercised was that of a freedom from any incoherence of design and color. He showed such an unparalleled intimacy with his subject that Mr. Holmes not inaptly calls him the parent of modern landscape art. We should add, "and the prophet," for on some canvases Constable seemed even to have caught the atmospheric vibration rediscovered many years later by Monet and Pissaro. At all events, Constable changed the tradition of landscape painting in the direction of greater dignity, simplicity, and repose. The new tradition formed a starting-point for Corot.

But before Corot's day and contemporary with Constable there was the immense and compelling work of Turner. We learn that there was little sympathy between Constable and Turner, and we can understand that most men would not have been attracted to Turner as a character. Yet Mr. Chignell has written a book because he wants to emphasize the man Turner. He believes that Hamerton did not do sufficient justice to Turner's personality, nor did Ruskin, nor Cosmo Monkhouse, and we suppose he would say the same of Sir Walter Armstrong. Lacking the scholarship of the sumptuous volume by the last-named author, so it seems to us, Mr. Chignell's book is yet of value to every art student because it emphasizes the fact that Turner was the first artist to paint the full power of the sun. In this he too was a founder of modern landscape art. Gainsborough, Constable, and Turner, these are the men who freed English painting from the imitation of so-called "classical" subjects in the style of Claude, just as poetry, in Mr. Chignell's fine parallel, was delivered from a like slavish imitation by Byron and Wordsworth. Turner was perhaps the first to *transmute* nature. A critic once complained that no man ever saw in nature such skies as Turner's. "No," said the artist, "but don't you wish you could?"

The most impressive domain in English art is portraiture. The two lives of Gainsborough recently published contribute to a better understanding of that field of art as it existed at the end of the eighteenth century. In particular, Mr. Chamberlain's book is notable because that author claims an equality of greatness between Gainsborough and Reynolds, although as for the latter he admits Sir Joshua's wider range of subject and method, and perhaps even a higher level of excellence when the whole body of his work is considered. We like to find that Mr. Chamberlain agrees with us in recognizing Gainsborough's debt to Van Dyke. Close study of the Flemish master is undoubtedly responsible for that air of aristocratic distinction which we find in Gainsborough's delineations of English men and women. But, as Mr. Chamberlain justly points out, Gainsborough's feathery touch was all his own. He painted with the appearance of careless ease, and yet was apparently as true and right as though he had labored and repeated every stroke in the earnest search after perfection. Hence "his portraits seem living, breathing men and women who had paused a moment that the painter might set them with a flash of inspiration on his canvas," or, as Mr. Claude Phillips remarks somewhere, "Gainsborough renders the pulsating life, the suggestion in repose of impending movement." But, finally, we choose to think that Gainsborough's preeminent quality was his own personification in his pictures. Beyond almost any other he united the artistic temperament to real character. If Spenser was the poet's poet, so Gainsborough remains the painter's painter, and doubly so, for the man was mirrored in his pictures. He was not only a genius. He was the type of genuine and generous goodness. There is, of course, an inevitable comparison between Gainsborough and Sir Joshua Reynolds. The first artist painted a total of not many over three hundred portraits; the second, for some years, painted over one hundred annually. The first artist had no assistants and but few pupils. The second had many assistants and pupils. But the difference was quantitative rather than qualitative. In comparison, Gainsborough seemed the child and Sir Joshua the man. Gainsborough was the incarnation of lightsomeness, brightness, grace, sweetness, poetry, truth to nature;

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Reynolds represented in pre-eminent degree not only a greater variety in subjects than did Gainsborough, but a psychical grip, a more impressive and effective touch, a finer force and dignity. With all this ripeness and maturity, however, Sir Joshua never equaled Gainsborough, as has been hinted, in the single element of temperament. If Gainsborough's was not really the greater style, his was the instinctive style, the temperamental style, and hence his canvases have a charm far beyond that of most portrait painters. We do not regret the wealth of illustration which accompanies Mr. Baldry's excellent text; we only wish that there had been more text. Mr. Baldry treats Reynolds both as craftsman and as leader. No one of his time had such an exceptional understanding of the refinements of technical processes as had Reynolds. If, as Mr. Anstruther in his capital biography hints, Hogarth was the first great figure in the British school, Reynolds was its indisputable leader, foremost among those who showed that a man born in England could compete with Continental artists. But Reynolds was a painter not merely of technique; he was a painter who *thought*. It is no wonder, then, that he inspired other men to paint worthily; no wonder that his influence was the vital element in the rapid development of the British school. He was an ideal leader, finally, as Mr. Baldry well points out, because around him men of all shades of opinion could rally.

Among modern portrait painters none have been more expressive of English life and thought than the late Sir John Everett Millais. As Gainsborough's personality distinguishes the Gainsborough portraits, so in its own way the Millais personality distinguishes the Millais portraits. In them one instinctively feels that, before considering the artistry of the pictures, the artist must be considered. Take the Carlyle portrait, for instance, hanging in the National Gallery, London. It is unsparing in its analysis, but the observer is sure that it was painted by a man not only incisive, direct, and accurate in his technique, but in his personal character honest, simple, straightforward, thorough, wholesome-minded; in short, the best type of John Bull.

Millais's great contemporary was Lord Leighton. They died in the same year. Leighton's few portraits were remarkable by reason of their extraordinary finish, but were far from being typical of English life. Leighton's fame will rest chiefly on his figure pictures, a kind of painted sculpture, always dignified and generally severe. With this ideal, his subjects were naturally Greek. In contemplating them it has seemed to us as if only the love of color prevented Leighton from being a sculptor. Certainly, beyond those of any other British painter, Leighton's works have a notable plastic quality. In an absorption in the sheer beauty of line and form, without any reference to realism, energy, and life which Millais put into his every canvas, Leighton was as abstract as any British artist. Though he became a marvelous draughtsman, he never painted a canvas which had in it the necessary movement, even if all his pictures are well-nigh perfect pieces of decoration.

In his sympathetic and solid study of British art, M. de la Sizeranne considers Rossetti, Millais, Hunt, Leighton, Burne-Jones, Watts, Alma-Tadema, and Herkomer, devoting a not inconsiderable number of pages to each. These men mark the departure from the great purely landscape British school, but continue somewhat the traditions of portraiture. We have had many able appreciations of pre-Raphaelitism from Mrs. Wood, Mr. Scott, Miss Cary, and others, but we have yet to see a more brilliant summary than that of this French critic. He boldly declares Gabriel Rossetti's work to be that of a forced imagination, of audacious atelier attempts, yet in the same breath declares Rossetti's art to have been founded on a direct study of nature, an exposition of frank symbolism and naturalism, uniting the poetic charm of the Middle Ages to a distinctly modern analysis. Hence, as this critic says, Rossetti founded a school which contained the germ of all worthy contemporary painting.

We could wish that the volume of "Rossetti Papers" just published shed as much light on pre-Raphaelitism as

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was the case in Mr. William Michael Rossetti's previous volumes. The present volume includes the Rossetti correspondence from 1862 to 1870, thus supplementing the books above mentioned. Though Gabriel Rossetti was painting such important things as the "Found" and the "Dante's Dream," his own letters give little explanation of the character of this work; they tell us rather about time-limits and money matters! More incidental light concerning art conditions comes from the letters to Gabriel Rossetti—from Madox Brown, Palgrave, Froude, Scott, Charles Eliot Norton, above all from Ruskin. The last named makes this characteristic announcement:

> Now I am at present out of health and irritable, and entirely resolved to make myself as comfortable as I can, and therefore to associate only with people who in some degree think of me as I think of myself. . . . I will associate with no man who does not more or less accept my own estimate of myself.

It is natural to turn from Millais and Rossetti to the third member of that triumvirate which established pre-Raphaelitism in England. Holman Hunt is the least inspiring figure of the three. Crude and ill formed as were many of their pre-Raphaelite ideas, unwise as were some of their sympathies, the pre-Raphaelite school have really accomplished a distinct result in impressing the popular mind with the sincere and the profound in art expression. The honest truth which was in pre-Raphaelitism gained the day, when the excrescences which surround it had disappeared; and this was brought about by Holman Hunt as well as by his colleagues. Mr. Williamson is well within the mark, however, in calling attention to Holman Hunt's persistence in an unattractive technique which detracts greatly from the artistic effect of his pictures, no matter what their didactic effect may be. Holman Hunt's noble characteristics appear in the didactic effect—his devotion to duty, his intense belief in religion, his determination to use his art to teach others. As an artist, however, we doubt if his pictures stand the test of time, owing to an overattention to detail, unpleasantness of color, crude and often spotty, unresponsiveness of the shadows, tightness of brush-work, finally, in a mingling of mystic with commonplace effect. Having been built up, as Mr. Quilter says somewhere, "like a mosaic," they necessarily have much of the hard outline. Holman Hunt's position in painting seems to us somewhat like that of Mrs. Humphry Ward's in fiction. Both are notable artists, but neither appeals to us with the appeal which comes only from spontaneity.

Not to Millais, not to Holman Hunt, did Rossetti, after all, transfer his Italianized spirit, but to Sir Edward Burne-Jones. Even with this dower, of all English artists Burne-Jones is the most original and perhaps the most distinctive. Mr. Malcolm Bell interestingly shows why this is so. Burne-Jones never imitated what was constantly before his eyes; he created a world, a dreamy, noble, inspiring world, but of a kind personal to himself. In this he was a second Turner. Like that great landscapist, Burne-Jones used nature, not abused her. Such men learned in order that they might individualize their knowledge and not merely make an inventory of nature.

In the long and honorable line of British artists there is no name more inspiring and no character more noble than that of George Frederick Watts. Whatever one may say of his pointillist technique, who can mention the allegorical or symbolical pictures which have given rise to greater suggestiveness and to loftier ideals than have the "Hope," "Love and Life," and "Love and Death"? Mr. Watts's latest biographer has been known more by his elucidations of the natural world in its moral suggestions than as a critic of art. As an appreciation of the great career of a great art creator, Dr. Macmillan's biography is not, therefore, what one may have expected. It helps us not at all to comprehend or even to apprehend the artistic value of the Watts work. It is an appreciation not so much of Watts as a technician as of Watts as a preacher. For that latter task Dr. Macmillan shows himself quite adequate. His book will not commend itself to painters as a book about painting, but it will commend itself to moralists as a book about morals. As

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to its description of Watts's personality, we could wish that there were more of the anecdotal and more color and life in the manner. But the volume is really not a biography, nor a criticism of art; it well fulfills its function in calling attention to the fact that among English painters no one has stood more sturdily for spirituality in painting than has George Frederick Watts.

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked "net."

Adventures on the Roof of the World. By Mrs. Aubrey Le Blond (Mrs. Main). Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 6×9 in. 334 pages. $3, net.

Mrs. Le Blond, for many years a successful and enthusiastic mountain-climber, seeks to share her enjoyment with others, by selecting and editing tales of adventure calculated to attract those who have not ventured upon the exciting sport. Some of the tales are from her own experiences—many are culled from "The Alpine Journal"—or from the lips of the climbers themselves. It is easy to comprehend the fascination mountain-climbing exercises upon men and women, especially if one has ever stood upon a great height and gazed upon a horizon three-quarters of which was snow-clad peaks. The roof of the world is the only name for such elevations, and happy is the man who can reach them. Adventures on ice slopes and in avalanches, exciting ascents, narrow escapes, night adventures, and terrific thunderstorms in the Alps crowd these pages. The courage and presence of mind needed in emergencies, and not often lacking, shows human nature in a fine light. The numerous photographs illuminate many of the situations and add to the value of the work.

American Birds: A Practical Demonstration of How to Know Them. Designed by Charles D. Chichester. Illustrated. Henry Malkan, 1 William St., New York. $2, net.

Considerable ingenuity is shown in the make-up of this book—which is not a book at all, one finds on unclasping the covers, but a cunningly contrived portfolio, containing a small illustrated manual, blank note-book, half a dozen crayons, and a series of leaflet forms, in which the student is expected to record his observations—and so make his own book of "American Birds." Whether or not this will be of any real practical service we are unable to form an opinion.

American Immortals (The): Record of Men who by their Achievements in Statecraft, War, Science, Literature, Art, Law, and Commerce have Created the American Republic. By George Cary Eggleston. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 6×9 in. 432 pages. $3.50, net.

Mr. Eggleston's critical estimates of the men elected to the New York University's Hall of Fame—their character, achievements, and history—with his prefatory account of the design and methods of this unique institution, are worthily aided by his publishers in the making of this very handsome volume. Type and paper are good, margins broad, and the reproductions of the portrait illustrations especially excellent.

American Yachting. By W. P. Stephens. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5½×8 in. 380 pages. $2, net.

It is true, as the author of this volume remarks, that the history of American yachting is really a summary of material progress in one branch of naval architecture and seamanship, as well as the story of hard-fought battles in a fine and manly sport, and, for Americans, of many and famous victories. The author writes in a plain, straightforward narrative style. The book is illustrated by many cuts and a few fine pictures of yachting scenes, and the book may confidently be commended as a special source of information to all interested in the record of the building and sailing of American yachts.

Azalim: A Romance of Old Judea. By Mark Ashton. Illustrated. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. 5×7¾ in. 335 pages. $1.50.

This story revolves about the wicked Queen Jezebel, and brings in the powerful figure of Elijah and the weak King of Israel, Ahab. A romance between a captive Hebrew herdsman, Azalim, and the young beauty, daughter of the priest of Baal, the future queen, is introduced to give color. There is nothing in the least objectionable in the treatment of the Biblical story, nor is there anything of especial power or originality in its present adaptation. The desire for Biblical romances is evidently not yet satisfied, in spite of the supply.

Charm and Courtesy in Conversation. By Frances Bennett Callaway. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 4×7 in. 198 pages. 85c., net.

It is true, as the author says, that to be agreeable in conversation is to have some measure of power. To awaken and cultivate that power, to direct it toward intensifying feelings of joy or happiness, is the aim of this little book of brief essays. While there is nothing startling in it, there is great need of emphasis upon the points developed—charm and courtesy. The daughter of a refined home said recently that English was her most difficult study in school. "Why?"

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"Because we girls use words in our own way so much we forget their real meaning, and are embarrassed when we try to speak good English." The recognition of this habit was a hopeful sign at least. The pendulum must swing back to the way our forefathers talked in cultivated English. Such simple precepts as are contained in this book will give impetus to the swing.

Complete Pocket-Guide to Europe (The). Edited by Edmund C. Stedman and Thomas L. Stedman. William R. Jenkins, New York. 3½×4 in. 505 pages. $1.25.

Dalrymple: A Romance of the British Prison Ship, The Jersey. By Mary C. Francis. James Pott & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 367 pages. $1.50.

The Tory side of the Revolutionary contest is prominent in this tale of love and war. The sufferings of the captives on the prison ship Jersey were shared by the hero, the loyal lover of a young Whig beauty, who alone espoused the cause of the Americans in her Tory family. The story is spirited and will doubtless interest readers of historical fiction.

Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg. By Richard Wagner. Edited by W. P. Bigelow. The American Book Co., New York. 5×7 in. 178 pages.

Elementary American History (An). By D. H. Montgomery. Illustrated. Ginn & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 348 pages.

Elements of Algebra for Beginners. By George W. Hull, M.A., Ph.D. The American Book Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 159 pages.

Folk Tales from the Russian. Retold by Verra Xenophontovna Kalamatiano de Blumenthal. Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago. 4½×7¼ in. 153 pages. 40c.

What might be called a simple faith in the childlike credulity of the people gives peculiar charm to tne Russian folk-tales. One cannot read them without a refreshing memory of the days when the heart thrilled with imaginary terror and the eyes filled with pity for oppressed maidens and sighing lovers. It is a delight to have this glimpse into the magic world of the ancient Slavic nation.

Forestfield: A Story of the Old South. By Robert Thomson Bentley. The Grafton Press, New York. 5×7½ in. 365 pages. $1.50.

Written in quaint, old-fashioned style, this story of the Old South, extending from the middle of the last century to its end, will interest those who have leisure and still cherish beliefs in Southern chivalry. The North never knew the terrible details of the Civil War that penetrated every Southern community, the desolation of fire and sword, and we cannot realize even now what the South suffered. There is a homely sincerity about this story that marks it as personal reminiscences, artlessly loquacious.

Gates of Chance (The). By Van Tassel Sutphen. Harper & Bros., New York. 5×7½ in. 303 pages. $1.50.

Directly you open "The Gates of Chance" you are in an atmosphere imported into twentieth-century New York from the East of the eighth, enveloped in the mystery of which it does not seem surprising to find a gentleman of modern conventional type encountering adventures that might have happened in Bagdad "in the golden prime of good Haroun Alraschid." Mr. Van Tassel Sutphen has made a very entertaining book of marvels, and we close his "gates" with real reluctance.

Gingham Rose (A). By Alice Woods Ullman. The Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis. 5×7½ in. 381 pages.

An entertaining story with touches of originality in phrase and ideas. The scene opens with a masked ball among the students of the New York School of Art, which the author takes as the keynote for a mild Bohemianism. The heroine has two heroes, both admirable in their way, and both securing a sufficient amount of happiness, after testing. An old physician, who acts as guardian angel, is well drawn. The heroine is not always intelligible even to herself, but always entertaining.

Governor's Wife (The): Pictures from the Imperial Court of France, 1806-1807. By Mathilda Malling. Translated by Henriette Langaa St. John. Thomas M. St. John, New York. 5×7½ in. 261 pages. $1.25.

Madame Junot, the wife of the Governor of Paris, of whom Victor Hugo said, "Often an eagle, always an angel," is the central figure in this series of pictures of Napoleon's Court in 1806 and 1807. The writer evidently knows her period, and the atmosphere of France. While the book does not add much of real value to our understanding of a time often and fully described, it throws light upon certain details of Napoleon's plans that are interesting.

Historic View of the New Testament (A). By Percy Gardner, Litt.D. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 274 pages. 60c.

As the author of this little book, really a collection of lectures under the foundation in memory of Benjamin Jowett, says, "Protestantism possesses an inexpugnable central fortress in its conviction, founded upon experience, that communion between man and his Maker is open to every human soul." It is this foundation of Christian faith that stands however views about historic facts of Christian origin may change. It is because he believes this that the author calls for a freer application of historical and critical methods to the New Testament. What this involves is really the subject matter of the lectures. Dr. Gardner distinguishes between miracles, and gives his reasons for considering some as representing facts, others as legend. The miraculous birth he considers "not history but theory." His estimate of the fourth Gospel, as an interpretation of Jesus quite as valuable as the more matter-of-fact synoptics, shows that critical students of the Bible are freeing themselves of that literalism which too often has accompanied liberalism.

Holy City (The): A Drama. By Thomas W. Broadhurst. George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia. 4½×7½ in. 213 pages. $1, net.

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How to Live Forever: The Science and Practice. By Harry Gaze. Stockham Publishing Co., Chicago. 5¼×8 in. 205 pages.

Hundred Love Songs of Kamal Ad-Din of Isfahan (The). Now First Translated from the Persian by Louis H. Gray. Done into English Verse by Ethel Watts Mumford. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5¼×8¼ in. 8 pages. $1.50, net.

To those who have breathed deeply of the strange, perfumed atmosphere of the Far East, there remains forever after a readiness to respond instantly to the slightest reminiscent fragrance. As memory is quickened by this physical sensation, so it seems is the literary taste fed on Omar Khayyám eager to find and enjoy any worthy presentation of Oriental poetry. The love songs in this attractive book are heavily laden with sweet sensuousness and the restless stir of unsatisfied passion. The poet Kamal sang to his love long ago—in the thirteenth century; but the same beloved and the same singers live now. The pungent perfumes of the East are still fragrant and discernible even though brought to us across wide oceans. The lover of graceful phrase, of true Oriental thought, of exquisite refinement in love-making that does not pretend to rise above the senses, will read every one of these hundred songs with a delight never occasioned by Western verse. The translation and adaptation seem to have been done with sympathetic nicety most satisfactory to the reader.

I Dine with My Mother. From the French of Pierre-Henri-Adrien Decourcelle. By Evelyn Clark Morgan. The Neale Publishing Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 47 pages.

Italian Grammar (An), with Exercises. By Mary Vance Young. Henry Holt & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 278 pages. $1.25.

Jessica Letters (The): An Editor's Romance. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5×7¼ in. 328 pages. $1.10, net.

A story told in letters written in a stilted, exaggerated style. The letters are so filled with disquisitions on religion, philosophy, and Oriental mysticism that the story has little chance.

Life and Letters of the Great Earl of Cork (The). By Dorothea Townshend. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 6½×10 in. 531 pages. $5, net.

This the "Great" Earl of Cork was that Richard Boyle who was found an obscure lawyer by Queen Elizabeth and made into a powerful noble. In Ireland he served Elizabeth and her two successors so well that Cromwell declared that had there been an Earl of Cork in every province there would have been no rebellion to crush. The author says that history has misjudged the Earl; that he was not unnecessarily severe; that although intolerant of the Roman Catholic faith, he often made friends of the priests personally; that he was good-natured even if domineering. For special students of Irish history this rather elaborate and handsomely printed work has value; for the general reader it is not attractive.

Life-Giving Spirit (The): A Study of the Holy Spirit's Nature and Office. By S. Arthur Cook, A.M., S.T.B., Litt.D. Jennings & Pye, Cincinnati. 4½×6 in. 100 pages.

More Excellent Way (A). By William B. Clarke. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5×7½ in. 227 pages. $1.25, net.

The general subject of this profoundly thoughtful work is communion with God, community in affection and thought with God. This is the realm of the true supernatural—the spiritual. The line of thought followed is essentially Biblical; but, as Mr. Clarke says, Biblical truths grow into larger dimensions under the growing light of learning. This is God's world, and the world-spirit, however full of weakness and error, has "still more that is from God." The thought-forms of the traditional theology continually recur in these pages, but expand till they seem to burst in the thoughts unfolded from them. An instance is in the chapter on "The Reconciliation of the Divine and the Human Consciousness in Christ." Such a dualism is recognized to the extent of saying "it was the divine and not the human that prevailed." But this divine consciousness is described as wholly ethical, a full realization of the love of God; so that Christ made no distinction in his thought between God's Spirit and his own. Again, Mr. Clarke sees the divine Incarnation in Christ alone, but he virtually concedes it elsewhere by his recognition of "potential divinity" in all men. Indeed, he affirms that "matter" itself is essentially of spiritual nature. The conservative and the mystic are finely blended on many a page, but still the idea of a general judgment at the "end of the world" holds on. On the other hand, Mr. Clarke discards the old orthodox idea of the atonement for the view defended in Dr. Whiton's work on "The Divine Satisfaction," that God requires only the adequate repentance that Christ teaches one to make. But even for this he anticipates, in view of the imperfections of many of Christ's disciples, that an intermediate state preparatory to "the final judgment" must complete what is unfinished in this world, to bring the soul into full communion with God. This idea of the continuance after death of Christ's redemptive work for his disciples was ably maintained years ago by Professor Briggs. Mr. Clarke was, if we mistake not, pastor of the Church in Yale College forty years since. His book may be classed under the title made famous in the Andover controversy, "Progressive Orthodoxy."

Mother-Artist (The). By Jane Dearborn Mills. The Palmer Co., Boston. 5×7¾ in. 148 pages. $1, net. (Postage, 6c.)

New South and Other Addresses (The). By Henry Woodfin Grady. Edited by Edna Henry Lee Turpin. Maynard, Merrill & Co., New York. 4½×6½ in. 136 pages.

Norwegian Ramble (A). By One of the Ramblers. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5×7 in. 232 pages.

When the writer forgets his attitude of labored pleasantry toward the companion of

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his rambles, this record of their vacation trip through southwestern Norway, quite off the beaten track of tourist travel, is pleasant enough reading. But when he resumes it, it is more fatiguing than a journey.

Primary Arithmetic. By David Eugene Smith, Ph.D. Illustrated. Ginn & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 264 pages. 75c. (Postage, 10c.)

Reformation and Renaissance (Circa 1377–1610). By J. M. Stone. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 6¼×10 in. 470 pages. $4, net.

This book is frankly uncritical. The term Reformation as used in it includes "not only the violent measures employed by the enemies of the Church to overthrow authority that was coeval with Christianity, but also the long and more or less effectual efforts within the Church, prior to the Protestant schism, to combat existing abuses; and finally the universal post-Tridentine revival of Catholic life and work." When thus at the outset it is expressly assumed that the "reformers" were "enemies," we are not surprised to learn that Wat Tyler was a mere leader of a crowd of peasants, fraudulent debtors, thieves, and "all haters of law, taxes, and payment of every kind," that John Hus was foremost among the more violent agitators, and that practically every leader in the struggle for personal liberty as against ecclesiastical or governmental tyranny was advocating unbridled violation of divine order and rule. The same arguments or assumptions often heard in these days controverting the competency of the individual, by right of his divine inheritance, to reject the external authority of the Bible and to submit it to tests of conscience and scholarship are here given controverting the competency of the individual to withstand or even to question the external authority of the Church. To those stanch Protestants who fear for Christianity because of the weakening of one form of external authority, we commend this story of Protestantism from the point of view of one who regards it as having weakened another form of external authority. The religious consequences of the Renaissance are also considered from the Roman Catholic point of view. The volume has a very handsome dress.

Romance of Piscator (The). By Henry Wisham Lanier. Henry Holt & Co., New York 5×7½ in. 227 pages. $1.25.

Another fishing story, but somewhat enlivened for the non-fishing reader by a modern romance carried on under difficulties. The perseverance of Piscator is rewarded by fish and pleasure, as well as crowned by the favor of the Peri who for a short season had diverted him from his chosen sport. The Peri's father is a delightful and provoking old gourmand, devoted to camps and causes

Saga of the Oak and Other Poems. By William H. Venable. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 149 pages. $1.20, net.

A volume of verses, first published twenty years ago, but brought up to more recent times, as is evident from the patriotic sentiments awakened by the Spanish War. While there is a variety in form, that of the ballad seems to lend itself most easily to the writer's thought.

Si de las Niñas (El). By Leandro Fernandez de Moratin. Edited by J. Geddes, Jr., Ph.D., and F. M. Josselyn, Jr. The American Book Co., New York. 5×7 in. 125 pages.

Society of To-Morrow (The): A Forecast of its Political and Economic Organization. By G. de Molinari. Translated by P. H. Lee Warner. Compiled by Edward Atkinson. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5×7½ in. 230 pages. $1.50.

This may be regarded as a comprehensive summary of the principles and teachings of the venerable French political economist. Agreeing with the Socialists that modern society is in a desperate way, M. de Molinari takes sharp issue with them as to the manner of its redemption. Not collectivism but greater liberty for the individual is his watchword. The State, as at present constituted, is viewed by him as a despotism upheld by "militarism, conquest, and war" for the benefit of "the privileged classes." To put an end to the rule of these classes and to give the individual the fullest liberty the first essential he believes to be the abolition of war and a general disarmament. War, M. de Molinari's argument runs, is an evil necessary only so long as civilization requires security against the attacks of barbarism. This need the world has long outgrown, yet so far from civilized nations reducing their military establishments the budgets show increasing expenditures for army and navy. To this the writer attributes the present serious financial and economic condition of European nations, and earnestly he endeavors to prove that a continuance of the present policy of securing peace by preparing for war will involve mankind in certain ruin. To avert the impending disaster he would form an enlarged "European Concert" in which all nations should be included, each agreeing to submit its private grievances to an arbitration tribunal and to abide by the verdict rendered. Disarmament would follow, and the road be cleared for the reconstitution of society. This reconstitution, as outlined by M. de Molinari, is nothing short of fantastic. With the abolition of war will come, first of all, "free constitution of nationality," which means, to put it baldly, that individuals may associate under whatever flag they choose, and separate their "State" from the nation at will, thus perpetuating a condition of national instability and eliminating all sentiments of patriotism. Sentiment, in truth, finds little room in M. de Molinari's "Society of To-Morrow." Government, as we know it, is to go by the board. Its affairs will be conducted by "firms" contracting with the "associated individuals" of the State to supply justice, policing, light, communications, and other forms of "collective consumption." There will be no need of political parties since politics, itself will be a thing of the past. In place of taxes the

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expenses of the State are to be met by "contributions" which will be "fixed by contract between the associated consumers and the companies, or firms, producing the service required at a figure which competition will reduce to its lowest point." Competition is the corner-stone of the De Molinari edifice. As a further blow to the "privileged classes" the markets of the world are to be thrown open by the removal of all tariffs and the extinction of custom-houses. No restrictions are to be placed to the formation of "companies" which shall contract to meet the needs of "individual consumption," food, dress, etc. Eventually the production of the world is to be controlled by great monopolies competing keenly with one another for the privilege of supplying the consumers of the world. It would be impossible here, even were it not unnecessary, to detail the many obstacles to the consummation of such a project. The economist's treatment of the theme "the expansion of civilization" affords striking evidence of the extremes to which he would go. "In no single case," is his declaration, "has the conquest and exploitation of territory inhabited by barbarians or people on a lower plane of civilization brought any moral or material benefit to the victims." Admitting, however, that civilization cannot stand still, he would have his society of the future delegate the exploitation of countries "still without the civilized pale" to "colonizing companies." How these would meet the opposition of the "uncivilized" without recourse to arms is not explained. Nor does there seem to be any place for religion in the De Molinari "Society." On every side the Utopian dream is exposed to criticism. Mr. Pratt, in his interesting and able introduction, attacks it from the standpoint of Socialism, and makes two strong points: that, however fully recognized may be the economic "laws" noted by M. de Molinari, action based upon this recognition cannot secure society from catastrophes unless the "moral law" is generally observed; and that, experience teaching that men do not at all times act in the same way and from the same motives, it is "a profound error to separate the study of economics from that of ethical, social, political, and religious science."

Southern Poets (The): Selected Poems of Sidney Lanier, Henry Timrod, Paul Hamilton Hayne. Edited by J. W. Abernethy, Ph.D. Maynard, Merrill & Co., New York. 4×6½ in. 78 pages. Paper bound, 12c.

Speech on Conciliation with America. By Edmund Burke. Edited by William MacDonald, Ph.D., LL.D. (Gateway Series.) The American Book Co., New York. 4×6½ in. 164 pages.

Stories from Life. (Eclectic School Readers.) By Orison Swett Marden. Illustrated. The American Book Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 240 pages.

Transgression of Andrew Vane (The). By Guy Wetmore Carryl. Henry Holt & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 326 pages. $1.50.

An unpleasant book dealing with disagreeable subjects on the principle of "calling a spade a spade." The reason for writing at all about these particular spades is not apparent.

United States and Porto Rico (The). By L. S. Rowe, Ph.D. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 271 pages. $1.30.

A detailed survey and critical exposition of the problems involved in the introduction of American ideas and institutions into a country of a radically different type of civilization. The task of adapting the Porto Ricans to our standards is regarded by Dr. Rowe as affording peculiarly valuable training for the assumption of the burdens which he foresees will be laid upon us in our increasing contact with the Latin-American peoples of the continent, by reason of our incursion into the Caribbean and our construction of the Panama Canal. So far as the West Indies are concerned, he does not hesitate to echo the opinion of Brooks Adams, that "the archipelago must be absorbed into the United States or lapse into barbarism." Reviewing the differences between Spanish and American modes of thought and action, Dr. Rowe shows that only by the exercise of great tact and patience, and with a conservatism born of the ability to appreciate the value of institutions differing from our own but serving similar ends, can we hope to see American ideas take root and flourish in such an alien soil as Porto Rico. Beginning with a discussion of the constitutional status of the island and the civil and political rights of its people, he traces the progress in the direction of "Americanization" effected under our military administration and the present civil government, paying especial attention to the reorganization of the judicial and financial systems, and, while not dwelling on, making clear the difficulties presented by the habits and vocations of the Porto Ricans and their erroneous conception of the nature of the government inaugurated with the passing of Spain. The manner in which the task has been approached leads him to this conclusion: "Whether we view the progress of the island from an industrial, political, or social standpoint, the conditions are singularly favorable for the successful solution of the new problems presented by our Spanish-American possession in the Caribbean." It should be added that Dr. Rowe writes from a practical acquaintance with the situation, having been a member of President McKinley's commission to revise and compile the laws of Porto Rico, and chairman of the Insular Code Commission.

Whittier-Land: A Handbook of North Essex. By Samuel T. Pickard. Illustrated. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 160 pages. $1, net.

A literary guide-book to Amesbury and Haverhill and the North Essex country, written by one who was an intimate friend of the poet. In addition to chapters describing the scenes of Whittier's life, there is one on the poet's sense of humor which throws new and interesting light on his personality. A number of hitherto unpublished poems are also included in the book.

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Correspondence

Letters addressed to the Editors of The Outlook, to receive any attention whatever, must in all cases be accompanied by the name and address of the writer. Names will not be published if a request to that effect is made by the writer, but no attention, either personal or editorial, can be paid to anonymous communications.

Leagues for Courtesy

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I believe I am voicing the sentiments of our best teachers of English when I express to you a very emphatic approval of all that you say in your "Leagues for Courtesy;" for the principles therein contained naturally supplement in an effective manner the work which they are trying to do. They believe that every English exercise is a school of manners in which the culture of body and mind must be attended to.

The contributions which a student of English makes to the class exercise are never merely what he gets from the particular text under consideration, but are the natural fruit of his associations at home, in other class-rooms, and on the playground. Manners, good, bad, and indifferent, are sure to be revealed here as nowhere else in the school; for here individuality has the freest play. The classes which came to me for the first time at the beginning of this year were quite surprised when I announced that they would be marked not merely on the concrete results of assigned work, but upon their various contributions to the class exercises; upon their dispositions, as these were revealed in class-room conduct.

As we have The Outlook in our school library, I shall assign "leagues of courtesy" to each of my classes, and I am sure you would enjoy some of the class discussions which will result. A. J. GEORGE.

Department of English, Newton (Massachusetts) High School.

A Moselle Legend

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In "Along the Banks of the Moselle," published in The Outlook for May 7, Mr. Paul van Dyke says: "The town of Berncastel produces the finest wine of the river, called, nobody knows why, 'Berncastel Doctor.'" The following legend from the German tells why the wine is so called, and may contain some grains of truth:

"The Lord of Berncastel sat in his great hall drinking wine with his chaplain, and—as was the custom in those days—pouring down huge bumpers one after the other. Seeing his chaplain did not drink and was in a most melancholy mood, the Baron pressed him to do so, saying the fine Muscatel-Berncasteler would be good for his health and drive away all vapors. But the chaplain, sighing, shook his head mournfully and replied, 'It is not meet for me to drink while my bishop lies sick in the town at our feet.'

"'Ach! Sayest thou so!' cried the Baron; 'then I know a doctor will cure him;' and, quaffing another mighty flagon, he lifted a six-hooped ohm of the good wine to his shoulder"—they were strong men in those days—"and hastened down the heights to where the good bishop lay ill in his palace. Arriving, he induced the invalid to consult the doctor he had brought with him. The sick man raised his languid head and sipped, then, finding the liquor good, took a vast gulp, and soon felt fresh life glowing within him. 'That wine restores me,' cried the bishop. 'Sir Baron, thou saidst well; truly it *is* the best doctor.'

"From that moment the bishop's health mended, and, returning again and again to the cask, he soon was quite cured. Ever after, when feeling unwell, he consulted this doctor, which he kept always within easy reach.

"The news of this so wonderful cure was noised about throughout the land, and many patients imitated the example of the venerable bishop, and a single barrel of the Berncasteler Doctor is considered sufficient to cure any ordinary patient."

JOHN K. HOYT.

Turnpike, North Carolina.

A Good Example

To the Editors of The Outlook:

The First Church in Newton, Massachusetts (Congregational), are building a new church edifice, the work having been under way for about a year. During this time their church services have been held regularly in a public hall, except for the communion services, for which purpose the Methodist Episcopal church in Newton Center—the village where the First Church is located—offered the use of their building, and there the Congregational church have partaken of the Lord's Supper at regular intervals in the afternoon, when the church has been given up to their use.

As the time approaches for the completion of the new Congregational building, the Methodist church thought it might be agreeable that the two churches should unite in a communion service, and so extended an invitation to the Congregational church to that end, asking them to join in the service according to the Methodist Episcopal form.

This invitation was very heartily accepted, and on Sunday afternoon, May 1, the communion was held, the two churches uniting.

The Methodist ritual for the service had been printed in full, so that those unfamiliar with that form were not put to any embarrassment.

The Methodist minister taking charge of the service welcomed the assembly, and

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especially the Congregational neighbors, to the Lord's table, and the Congregational pastor gave a most appropriate address touching the significance of the sacrament.

The occasion was one of tender, Christlike sympathy, full of love for the Master and for one another, and touched deeply the hearts of all who were participants.

The First Church, with its almost two hundred and fifty years of history, came willingly and graciously to the Methodist church, which is young, with only a little past twenty-five years of existence, to partake of the sacramental service, administered in a totally different form from that of their time-honored custom, in company with those holding different church relations.

Why?

Because, first, the faith which both hold dear is one faith; and, second, because the spirit of brotherhood is abroad, and it was an easy matter to sit together at the Lord's table with those who love him. **

A Word from Mr. White

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I have been more than pleased at the epistolary evidence that "The Forest" struck a responsive chord in the breasts of so many of your readers. Also am I glad to extend the helping hand to the tenderfoot or to swap experience with the old camper. It does my heart good to hear from them. But, alas! so few of them inclose stamps; and still fewer a self-addressed envelope. I wonder if a hint through your letter-box column might not induce my future correspondents to do so? In fact, I have reluctantly come to the conclusion that I cannot answer any more inquiries unless they are so accompanied—by a stamped and addressed envelope or postal card. Incidentally, I want here sincerely to thank the many who have written simply and solely to say that they have liked the book. Their words have been to me the greatest pleasure.

STEWART EDWARD WHITE.

Santa Barbara, California.

The fact that at last accounts Mr. White had received about five hundred letters asking information on one particular point in "The Forest," besides a very large number on other matters, lends emphasis to his reasonable request, and is a convincing proof of the interest felt by our readers in "The Forest." Elsewhere in this issue will be found the first installment of "The Mountains," which may be regarded as, in a way, a companion to "The Forest."—THE EDITORS.

A Plea for the Jacob A. Riis Neighborhood House

The summer is upon us once more, with its hundred demands upon our resources from those whom the house is here to help, and finds us not only with an empty purse but more than six hundred dollars in debt. To be sure, our creditors are long suffering; the city government has been more than kind in fitting up the Twin Island House better than ever for our mothers and their little ones. Things are being set to rights up there, and pretty soon the summer travel to that island of pure delight will begin, if readers of The Outlook will help us pave the way. They did that last year for nearly half of the six hundred and odd, little and big, young and old, who exchanged the sweltering tenement and the noisome street for the salt sea breezes by the shore of the beautiful Sound. Very rich people lived once in the Twin Island House. I do not think they got anything like the joy out of life that came to the weary ones whose good luck sent them up there last summer.

You should have been there the day President Roosevelt and Mrs. Roosevelt came across from Oyster Bay. The children deserted their dinner in a body and received their guests with such a shout as only Henry Street on an outing can give. They escorted them up from the gang-plank to the house in a triumphal procession, clinging to the hands of the President and to the skirts of his coat like a veritable swarm of bees, and shouting gleefully as they danced along. I am sure there were no such jolly doings in the days of the early dignity of Twin Island. But the President saw a new dignity in the children's day, and there was a catch in his voice as he said, "What monument on earth is there greater than the joy of these children?"

No, there is nothing better. And we hope to see it grow year by year through the loving gifts of the children's friends. We need them, for we have no endowment, not a single dollar. And we would rather have the means fresh from warm hearts and friendly hands than a cold interest on money invested. I don't know, but I imagine there is more go in it. Only we have then to keep on asking. We need the money not only for Twin Island, but for the vacations for our working women and girls which we are glad to give them in other country homes; for day excursions, for club outings—wait till the autumn comes again and see what nutting parties we shall have in Forest Park and Pelham Bay Park. This for the boys. Then there is the home visitation among those who can not go, who are sick and have to stay in their tenements through the hot summer, because they are very poor. And then the house with its yard where three hundred children play every day in the "King's garden," and all its machinery for making the neighborhood at home. God knows it needs all the "home feeling" we or anybody can put into it!

Will you not help us with your contribution that we may do all this? It needs to be done—that is our claim upon your charity. And will you send your gifts for the summer work to our treasurer, Miss Clara Field, at the Jacob A. Riis Neighborhood House, 48 Henry Street, New York City, who will be glad to tell you anything you wish to know about the house, if you cannot come to see for yourself?

JACOB A. RIIS, President.

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